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VOGUE

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ST. LAURENT

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MOST WANTED FASHION FOR A COOL SUMMER





The Frangipani she the flower of the island.
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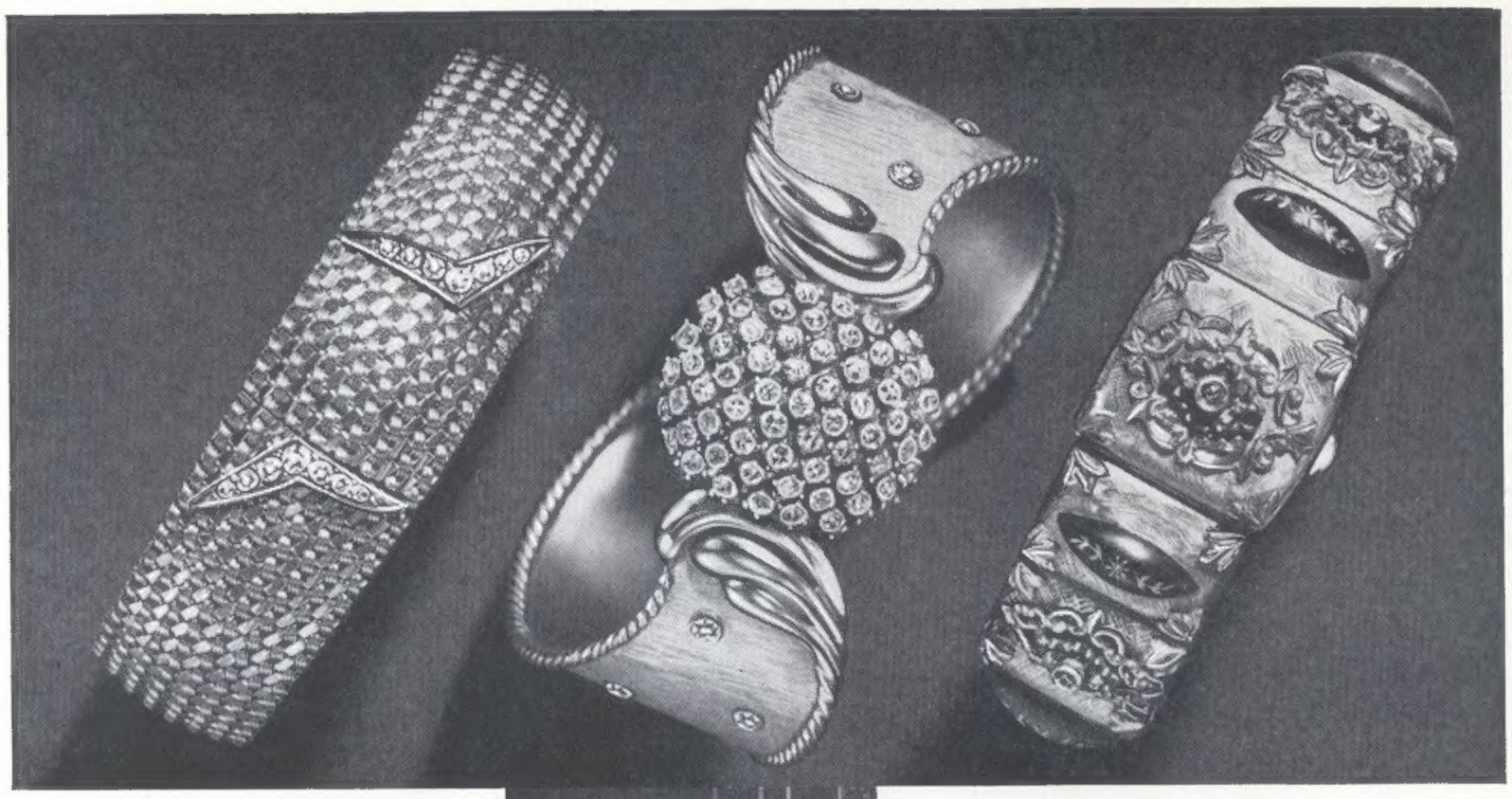
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S.F.A's bold black-and-white houndstooth checks with "op art" leanings—our princesse skimmer and curved jacket closed with glossy jet buttons. $90. Dress Collections.



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Left to Right

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No. 1813, 14 diamonds..$595

No. 303, 77 diamonds..$1895

No. 1607, ruby clusters..$795

Jordan Marsh

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APRIL 15, 1965

VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

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Robert Brennecke, Mgr.
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COVER: Fresh flowers from Paris—masses of vivid zinnias caught on net . . . Guy Laroche's little hood and bolero, an enchanting way to wrap a summer evening dress. Hood at Saks Fifth Avenue. The mouth paled for summer: Pale Gloss slicked over Camellia Pink lipstick: both by Jacqueline Cochran.

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with a
great Paris
label



Scented with the most
sophisticated of all floral fragrances . . .
to put the luxury of a cream sachet
right in the palm of your hand.

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7 OZ. 2.50 PLUS TAX
MADE IN U.S.A.



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Robert Sloan

designed by Sylvia de Gay



SUMMER FRAGRANCE . . .
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Lace coat, white only, about $60.
Princess linen dress with scoop neckline, edged with lace, about $35.
Lace jacket, white, about $30.
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Both dresses in Crystal Blue, Frosted Pink, Buttercup. Sizes 6-16.

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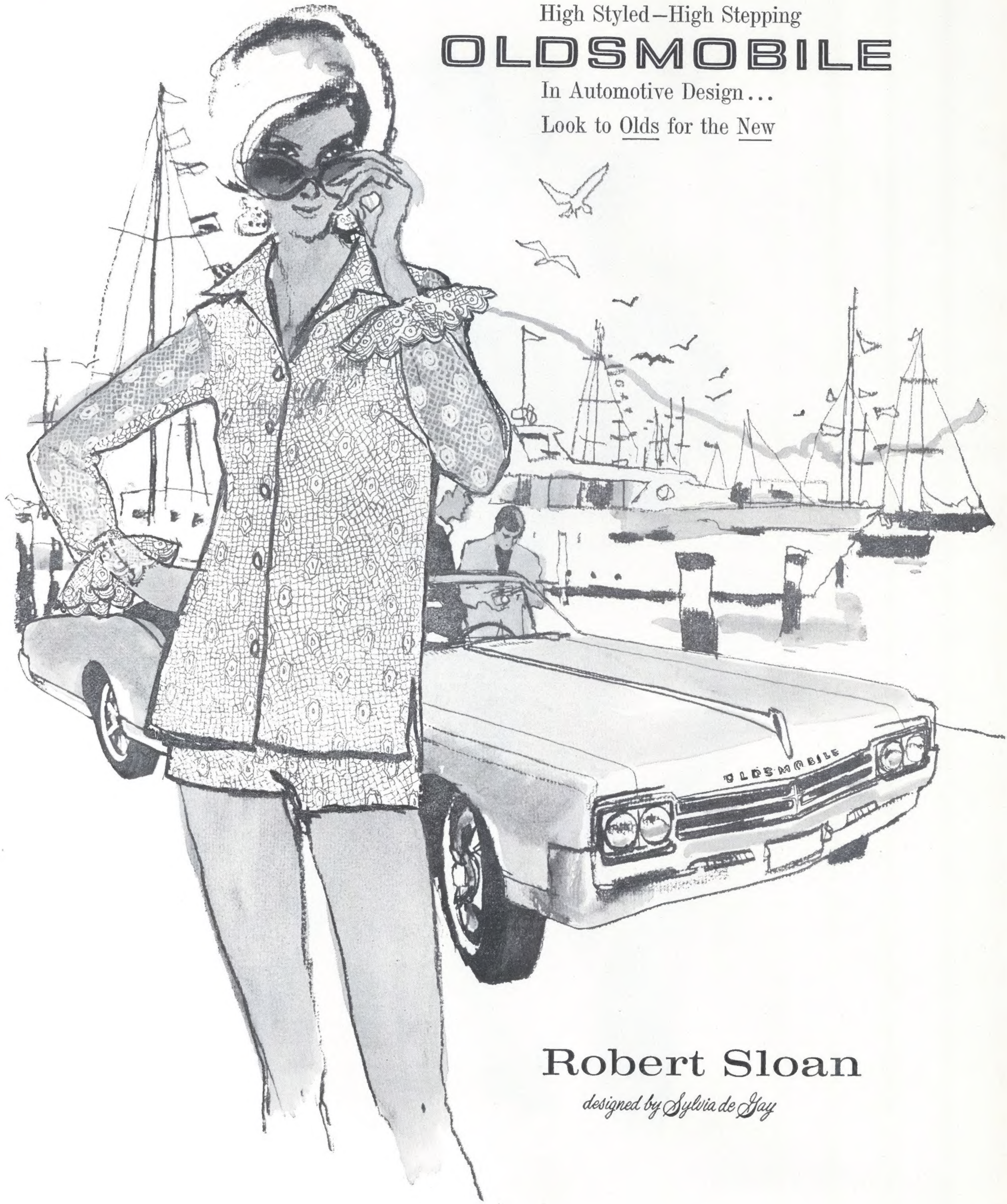
IRISH LINEN BY IRISH LOOMS

High Styled–High Stepping

OLDSMOBILE

In Automotive Design...

Look to Olds for the New



Robert Sloan

designed by Sylvia de Jay

Opposite: Exquisite passenger for the Starfire Convertible. Be-decked in Irish Country lace, ruffled long sleeved shirt. 25.00 Matching lined lace shorts. 15.00 White only.

This page: En route to everywhere in the Ninety-Eight Luxury Sedan, posh shaft of pure Irish linen luxuriously bordered with Lily of the Valley white cotton lace. Jonquil, pink mist, crystal blue. 45.00



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Robert Sloan

designed by Sylvia de Jay



Follow the sun in Stainless Style

Beach club? Wear worry-free white! Wonderful white duck that's protected by ZE PEL® fabric fluoridizer. So most stains blot away or spot clean with no ring! Hipster pants finished off with black braid, about $23. Skimp top, about $13. Overthrow, with sparkle buttons, back belt, about $25. All three, sizes 6-16. Duck: 65% "Dacron"® polyester/35% cotton.

STAIN-TESTED

DU PONT ZE PEL® FABRIC FLUORIDIZER

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Miss Bergdorf at Bergdorf Goodman, New York • The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland • Sanger-Harris, Dallas • Battelstein's, Houston • May Company, Los Angeles • Burdine's, Miami • Godchaux's, New Orleans • Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C. • And other fine stores



Robert Sloan

designed by Sylvia de Jay

Follow the sun in Stainless Style

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Arrivée! The Arnel Paris Couture Collection at Saks Fifth Avenue

Now yours in faithful copies of the originals,
in the same superb Arnel fabrics.
Left: Balenciaga's memorable paneled gown of *Arnel triacetate and silk* twill satin. Almond green, pink. 6-14. About $225.
Center: Givenchy's sari gown in twill satin of *Arnel triacetate and silk.* Citron yellow, azure blue. 6-14. About $145.
Right: Castillo's sumptuous evening coat and ball gown in a satin-faced gabardine of *Arnel triacetate and nylon.* Pink, blue. 6-14. About $275 for ensemble, $145 for gown alone.
Available at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Celanese® Arnel®

Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber



Bur-Mil

A Burlington Hosiery Product



When you've got a big fat run in your stocking, who notices anything else?

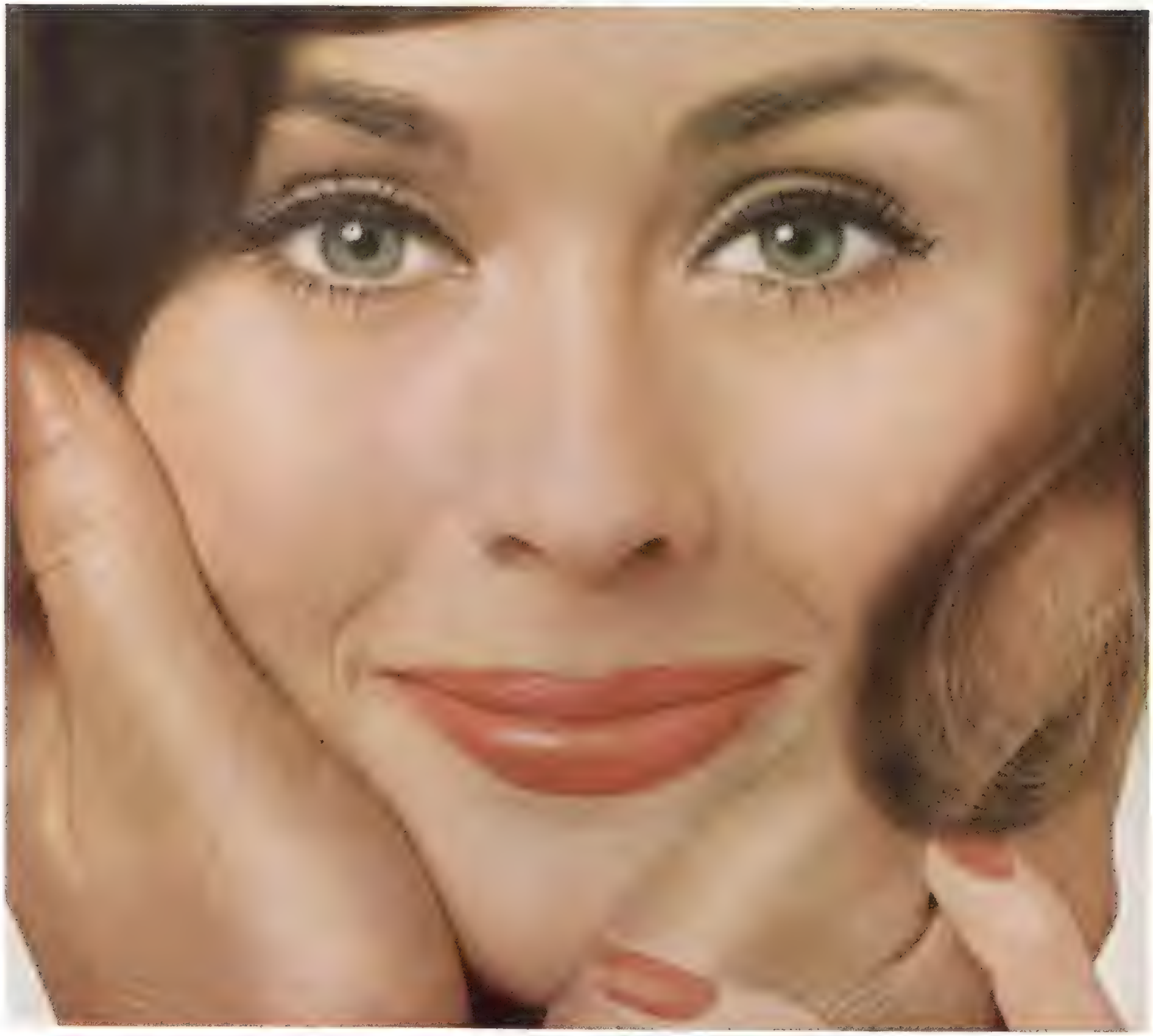
Infuriating, isn't it. If you'd been wearing Cameos, it might not have happened. Because Cameos are the slinky little 15 denier sheers that are knit with more stitches to the inch. The extra stitches give the fabric a fabulously silky richness. Yet help the stockings last at least a third longer than other sheers. Get them in all of fashion's favorite colors. For just 1.35. ***Get Cameos.***

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Introducing the girl with the beautiful mouth™...

the girl with
the beautiful mouth™



she has it made™



with New Clairol™ Lipstick the first lip colors keyed to your hair!

Something new just happened to lipstick—Clairol! Suddenly, your mouth looks marvelous in Reds! Pinks! Corals! Oranges, too! Every shade looks smashing (not clashing) on you—because every shade you wear really goes with your hair!

From pales to potents, from tawnies to trues, Clairol has created a wide, wonderful range of lipsticks Color-Keyed to your hair (whether it's your natural color or a Clairol "natural"). A complete collection of fashion shades for light blondes. For honey blondes. For redheads, silvers, brunettes, brownettes. For you.

The result? Your face, your fashions, your whole look lights up! All at once, lipstick does more than lipstick ever did before! Suddenly, the girl with the beautiful mouth is you!

Shinier, creamier, lastier lipstick...in luscious fashion colors. Come see your Color-Keyed shades...at fine cosmetic counters now! Complete Clairol Lipstick, 1.10 plus tax. Harmonizing Nail Colors, of course.

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the girl with
the beautiful face™



she has it made™



with New Clairol™ Make-up

the first make-up keyed to your hair color ...for the most natural look of your life!

All you! All true! All natural! This is the look make-up should, but never could give you before. You couldn't have it with yesterday's make-ups; they merely matched your skin, forgot your hair. But today, new Clairol Make-Up harmonizes your skin tones with your hair!

Whatever your hair color (yours naturally or a Clairol "natural") there's a special Clairol Make-Up shade ideal for you! Shades that warm up a sallow skin. Cool down a ruddy one. Baby beiges. Gentle peaches. Tender pinks. New, softer shades that make your complexion truly perfect with your hair!

The result? Blondes look blonder. Brownettes look brighter. Redheads go creamier. Brunettes go gleamier. Silvers simply sparkle. You have your very own, very beautiful look ...the most natural look of your life! All at once, the girl with the beautiful face is you!

New Clairol Make-Up contains Lumist to neutralize shadows, lines, pores—give a flawless finish. Come see your Color-Keyed shades, at fine cosmetic counters now!*

Moisture Make-Up, Compact Make-Up, Face Powder, each 1.50 plus tax.



*Lumist is Clairol's shadow neutralizer ingredient. © Clairol Inc. 1965



HATS BY ADOLFO



THE BLACK AND WHITE STATEMENT...
POMEZIA COTTONS

A statement of elegance and pure clarity in cottons that import and travel their own sense of chic... from a collection of clothes here in sizes 6 to 16, from $90 to $145. Bonwit Teller, N.Y., Nan Duskin, Montaldo's, Joseph Horne, Sakowitz, L. S. Ayres, Frost Bros., J. W. Robinson

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takes you out of the everyday...every day you use it

A bath so beautiful only Yardley could make it happen.
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Discover what can happen to the everyday...every day you bathe with Yardley.



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Yardley Perfumed Soap in boxes of 3 from $1.25. Red Roses, April Violets, Crushed Carnation, English Lavender. Scents echoed in bath products, colognes, perfumes. Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients.

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Mr. Simon and Martha Manning



a.



b.



c.

Young, fashionable gifts for Mother's Day and all the Summery days ahead in 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% cotton.

a. Delicate embroidery in a deep midriff band. Permanently pleated, easy swinging skirt. Moss green, charcoal, or coffee. Mr. Simon, sizes 10-20. About $15. **b.** The dash of mobile styling in a lacy monotone print modified shirt waist. Easy falling full skirt. Green and white, brown and white, or black and white. Mr. Simon, sizes 10-20. About $13. **c.** Scooped neckline tops a panel pleated skirt . . . summer print rendition in a distinctive floral pattern. Blue, pink or yellow. Mr. Simon, sizes 10-20. About $13. **d.** Neckline flattery abounds in the narrow yoke and handsome jabot . . . softly falling gored skirt. Grey and green, lilac and beige, or beige and olive. Martha Manning, sizes 12½-24½. About $13. **e.** Sheer basic shirtwaist with a flattering wing collar and detachable loop ties. Beautifully mobile, spaced pleated skirt. Charcoal and pink, charcoal and blue, or charcoal and gold. Martha Manning, sizes 12½-24½. About $13.

have a way with sheers of Dacron® and cotton...for Mother



d.



e.



f.

g.

h.

f. Classic shirtwaist with the extra flair of three-quarter tied sleeves. Skirt has gored back. Black and white, green and white, or navy and white. Martha Manning, sizes 12½-24½. About $13. **g.** The all-occasion dressy look in an exquisitely embroidered sheer button-front slip-in. Pink, moss green, navy, or french blue. White embroidery. Martha Manning, sizes 12½-24½. About $15. **h.** Dressy all over embroidery sheer. Gored skirt, flanged shoulders, tabbed keyhole neckline. Bone with cocoa embroidery, pink with deep pink embroidery, or blue with dark blue embroidery. Martha Manning, sizes 12½-24½. About $15.

Mr. Simon Martha Manning

MARTHA MANNING COMPANY • 1641 Washington Ave. • St. Louis, Missouri 63103



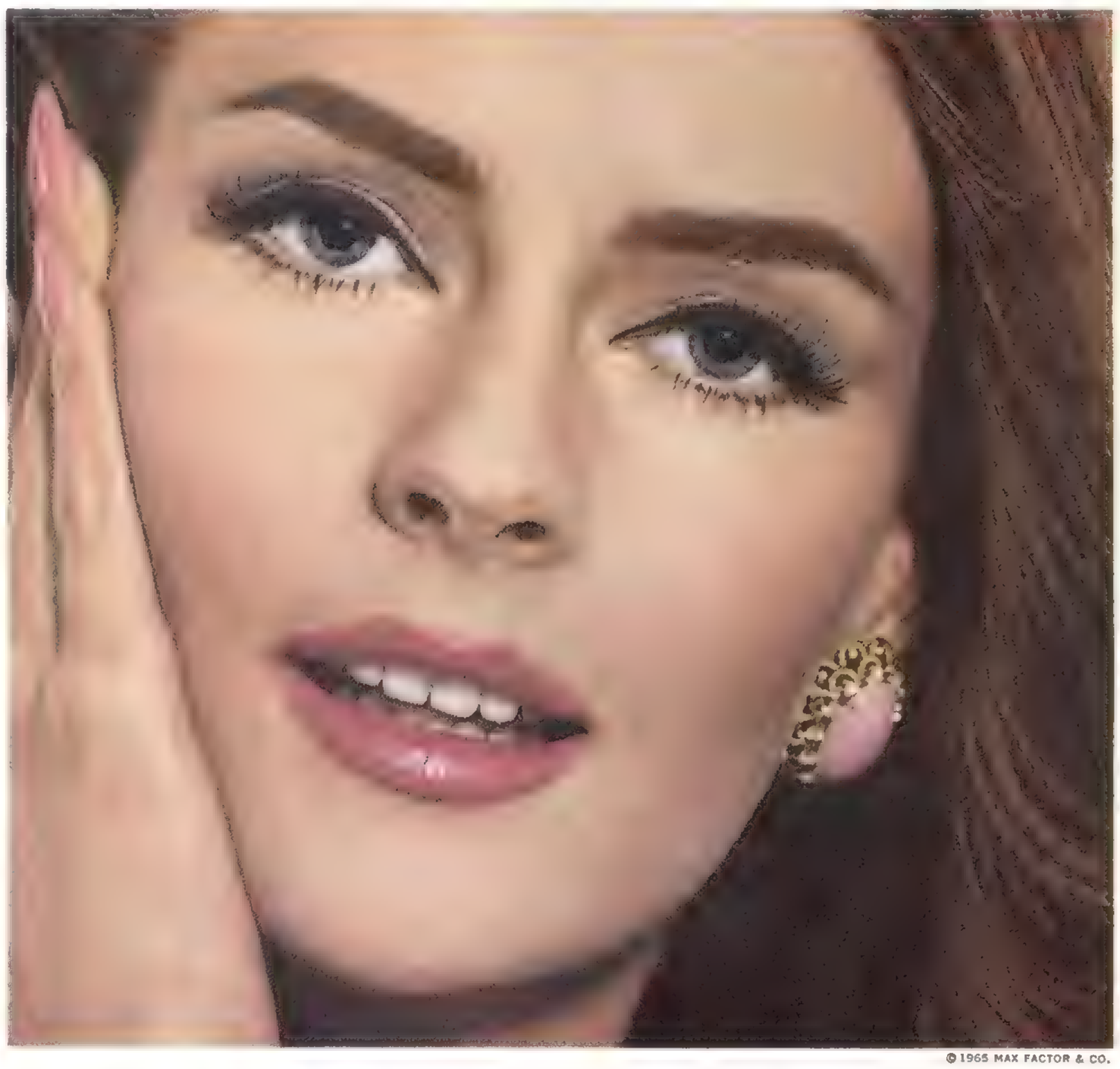
The Happy Idea is Paisley Pantalons. A mélange of blues and greens in the most alluring look since Eve. Happily it's Caprolan® nylon, taking hues pure, clear, true. Heating up brights, cooling off blues and greens. Outfit available in moss green/royal (as shown) or orange/hot pink. Sizes 8-16. Culottes, about $12. V-neck overblouse, about $8. (Slightly higher in the West.) Fashion by Majestic. Print by Fabritique®, a Division of Stein-tex, Inc. Fiber by Allied Chemical. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Hudson's, Detroit; Burdine's, Miami; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Vandever's, Tulsa.

Max Factor reveals:
Until now even the sheerest make-up was an obvious cover-up.

Introducing the make-up that isn't there!

(except to veil every imperfection invisibly)

New UltraLucent Fluid Make-up is a transparent veil so incredibly light it could be nothing at all . . . and yet, so delicately balanced that flaws melt away, color seems to spring from within. UltraLucent *works with your own skin tone* to create a completely natural glow . . . dewy but not shiny, matte but not flat. All subtle lustre.



© 1965 MAX FACTOR & CO.

This unique formula has made it possible to create a completely new range of make-up shades. Nine delicate tones, softly muted yet glowing with vitality, plus two highlighting shades to accent your best features.



And, to fluff over all, a whisper-light powder, that captures the sheer beauty of UltraLucent Make-up.



JEWELS BY DAVID WEBB. SUIT BY MONTE-SANO & PRUZAN. HAT BY MR. JOHN.

New UltraLucent Make-up by Max Factor

foam-tailored*



*next news in fashion from urethane chemistry!

Fabrics with unusual textures are tailored now to imaginative new uses by urethane foam . . . an invisible "soul" that gives them all the gumption they need for the new roles they play.

This jersey print dress, topped by a *foam-tailored* lacy wool knit, is the perfect travel costume to wear anywhere this summer. About $40. By **Sacony.**

(Write Sacony, 1407 Broadway, New York for stores where this merchandise will be available in June.)

Allied Chemical

NATIONAL ANILINE DIVISION
40 Rector St., New York 10006

. . . producers of all basic urethane chemicals

Formfit Rogers

DRESS-SHAPERS®



FORMFIT/ROGERS
SHAPES YOU TO THE
SHAPE OF FASHION

FASHION IS THE
BARED DRESS

Freedom loving. Feline. Fluid.

THE BARED
DRESS-SHAPER BRA

Freedom giving.
A deep-diving bra in
lacey tracery with an inner
"curve-shaper" to hold up the cup
while you plunge.

THE PARED
DRESS-SHAPER HALF SLIP

A slip of a slip to match.
Both in a superb new shadow-soft blend of
Dacron® and cotton. Lace for a hem. Ahem!

Only Formit/Rogers has them. The Dress-Shaper bandeau bra in new, softer cotton. Low, U-shaped Rave back and thin spun inner-lining. Sizes: 32A to 38C in White or Powder Buff. Ask for Style 0592. $5. The Dress-Shaper half-slip in new Dacron and cotton in lace tracery fabric or nylon tricot. Sizes: Short and average length in XS, S, M, L. In White or Powder Buff. Style 6820. $5.
"Dacron"—DuPont T.M. for polyester fiber.

Formfit/Rogers • 530 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036 • A fashion division of GENESCO

FASHION SILHOUETTE BY JR SOPH STATES

This is a TV commercial for perspicacious people



presented for your diversion
by tongue-in-chic Faberge,



who created STRAW HAT,
that going-places scent

PHOTO BILL LONGCORE



for the young-at-heart
on pleasure bent.



it tells the world
STRAW HAT's in the air!



Purty, flirty STRAW HAT
- fashioned for fun



any place
under the sun...



Frolicky, rollicky
STRAW HAT



keeps you young
in the sun



...and it's fun!
Cool Tanning Gelée.



new STRAW HAT 65
Oval Lipstick...Nail Glacé



- toetips too! It's the
smartest shade to be under.



Small wonder! And so, dear
barefoot girl with chic,

who prefer to read - to wit, a vicarious excursion



Skin and Bath Perfume
by Fabergé



is the indulgent way
to start your day...



born in Paris,
loved everywhere,



and every swinging
chicerino knows



the most flattering 'hat'
a girl can wear



is Parfum STRAW HAT
- Extraordinaire!



Fiesta, siesta,
or on the beach,



STRAW HAT is also
a juicy new peach



to sweeten your lips
and fingertips -



if a bit of excitement
is what you seek,



just brighten your life
the STRAW HAT way -



so fresh, so gay, so
Fabergé

Kodel®

the vital fiber **for crispness that lasts**



EVERFAST® prints a crisp little floral on a crisp-staying fabric with Kodel...and guarantees the colors will sparkle clear and bright for the life of the shirt. Blue, pink or maize predominating. Man-tailored shirt in "Sungee" lawn of Kodel polyester and cotton with Everglaze® Easy Care. Made to sell for about $10. Short or roll sleeve, sizes 8-16. By **GANT SHIRTMAKERS.** At fine stores including: Bonwit Teller, New York; Wolf Brothers, Tampa; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Best Apparel, Seattle and Portland.

COUNT ON KODEL...MEMBER OF THE EASTMAN KODAK FAMILY

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or shirts.

GANT features fabric by

EVERFAST®

with EVERGLAZE® easy care



Classic simplicity highlights the shirt superbly man-tailored by GANT in Kodel polyester and cotton by EVERFAST. Everglaze properties make it classically simple to care for, too . . . add to its natural crease resistance. And it's backed by the famous color guarantee.* In white, blue, maize, pink, eggshell, navy. Sizes 8 to 16, about $8.

BONWIT TELLER. New York City; BEST'S APPAREL, INC., Seattle and Portland; DAYTON COMPANY, Minneapolis; WOLF BROTHERS, Tampa, Florida, and other fine stores.

*The Everfast Guarantee: We unreservedly guarantee that should a fabric by Everfast fade for any reason during the life of a garment, your money will be refunded.



Dinner tomorrow night in Hawaii? Isn't that a little far out?

Not at all. Tomorrow morning, we can put you on a domestic Jet to California, where you'll find a Pan Am Jet waiting to whisk you to Hawaii. You'll be there by cocktail time. Round-trip fares: as little as $468* from New York, $380* from Chicago, $200 from Los Angeles. And you'll have the good feeling that comes from flying the world's most experienced airline. Talk to a Pan Am Travel Agent or confide in us. And thanks for calling.

PAN AM



*Plus tax on transcontinental portion only.



The Happy Idea is Pink Symphony. Played in the brilliance of pink, sustained in floral notes against a white background. Happily it's Caprolan® nylon to make the hues ring clear, pure, and true. Also in a blue theme. The A-line dress, cuffed at the neck. Petite sizes 8 to 16. About $25. (Slightly higher in the West.) Fashion by Leslie Fay. Fabric by Maxwell. Fiber by Allied Chemical. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Bullock's, California; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

The softly tailored spectator...

, Stocking of Dupont CANTRECE™ Nylon



*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric.

DE LISO DEBS designs a new kind of spectator with a "widow's peak" toe and slim, elegant heel. Crafts it of smooth white CORFAM*, tipped with pseudo snake. CORFAM is the fabulous new shoe upper material from Du Pont. It keeps the new look longer because it holds its shape better and is easy-care. Also, CORFAM is very soft. Very supple. It's up to one-third lighter in weight. And CORFAM b-r-e-a-t-h-e-s for foot comfort. *CORFAM...the new pace in fashion.*

...in CORFAM®

Better Things for Better Living
...through Chemistry

DU PONT

De Liso Debs' spectator about $20 at: Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Famous Barr, St. Louis; Volk, Dallas; Fontius Shoes, Denver; Imperial Shoe Store, New Orleans.

Think Pretty...Seamprufe Does



*Not shown: matching shift.

Pretty is as Seamprufe does. So young. So feminine. And just a bit saucy. Val lace-trimmed sleep chemise with matching cobwebby boudoir coat in Burlington quality tricot of Chemstrand Blue "C"® Nylon. Cloud Blue with White; Shell Pink with White; Black. P-S-M. $6.00 each*.

Seamprufe

Seamprufe Incorporated 412 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10018

AVAILABLE AT BLOOMINGDALE'S, NEW YORK • FOLEY'S, HOUSTON
MAISON BLANCHE, NEW ORLEANS • F. & R. LAZARUS, COLUMBUS
L. S. AYRES, INDIANAPOLIS, AND OTHER FINE STORES

NYLON C CHEMSTRAND

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

One day at the hairdresser's . . .



The root of the pretty yucca plant does, we are told, make a fascinating lather for hair washing. Beat to a pulp, then briefly dunked in cool water, it has long served certain Indians of the Southwest as a ceremonial shampoo. . . . Since yucca, alas, thrives not in our New York backyard, we remain on the alert for more facile, less complicated hair washes; and therefore recently watched with great interest the following tableau at our neighbourhood hairdresser's. While we cooled our heels, surveying with tacit acidity whatever our particular coiffeuse was doing that wasn't for us, there entered: one distressingly attractive brunette, whose hair (we'd seen her before) had switched from straight Yorkshire Terrier sideburns to cherub curls. With her: a tawny Vuitton bag, from which she produced, smugly, three statuesque gold-and-white labelled, cloud-frosted jars. The curtain was drawn at this point, but the containers remained on our hairdresser's working counter when we reached our turn. When the coiffeuse stepped out for a moment, we seized the opportunity to examine the evidence. Found: Estée Lauder's Youth-Dew perfumed shampoo; Youth-Dew perfumed hair set; Youth-Dew perfumed hair spray. . . . Our hairdresser caught us in act as she took up again with our hair. "As an admirer and insatiable user of Youth-Dew in its perfume, sachet, powder, and so forth forms," whimpered a redhead, overhearing us in the next booth, "couldn't I" . . . "The Youth-Dew hair stuff is *hers*," murmured our hairdresser to her, with a respectful look at the perfumed head under the dryer. "And it not only smells good, such as exactly like Youth-Dew, but for *your* hair it will do something. Why don't you bring your own next time." . . . Which, having called upon Saks Fifth Avenue, she did. Learned the shampoo, the set, and the spray were extraordinarily kind to her hair, an elegantly-perfumed treatment that is thoughtful about colour jobs. . . . You take your yucca. . . .

Make mothers happier with Ship'n Shores® from these and other fine stores.

CONNECTICUT
Bethel; *Noe's*
Bridgeport; *Howland's*
Bridgeport, Trumbull; *Read's*
Bridgeport; *Skydel's*
Danbury; *Feinson's*
Danbury, NewMilford; *JohnMcLean*
Derby; *Fair Shoppe*
Manchester; *Burton's*
Naugatuck; *M. Freedman*
New Haven; *Sterling & Susman*
New Milford; *Jos. Golden*
Norwalk, Meriden, Bristol, & NewLondon, Danbury; *Genung's*
Norwich; *Reid & Hughes*
Stamford; *C. O. Miller's*
Stamford; *Sarner's*
Torrington; *W. W. Mertz*
Wallingford; *Fashion Studio*
Waterbury; *Howland Hughes*
West Haven, Branford; *Horwitz*
Willimantic; *Fullerton&Fournier*

DELAWARE
Bethany Beach; *Sea Gull*
Dover; *Emanuels'*
Newark; *Newark Dept. Store*
Seaford; *Peebles Store*
Selbyville; *SeaView BeachShop*
Wilmington; *Lincoln Shop*
Wilmington; *Mitchell's*

MAINE
Augusta; *D. W. Adams*
Augusta; *Chernowsky's*
Augusta; *Town'n Country*
Bangor; *Freese's*
Bangor; *Rines Co.*
Bar Harbor; *Ward's*
Biddeford; *Butler's Store*
Biddeford; *Matson's*
Biddeford; *W. E. Youland*
BoothBay Harbor; *Harbor Shop*
Brunswick; *W. F. Senter*
Bucksport; *Rosen's Store*
Camden, Belfast; *Achorn's*
Ellsworth; *Willey's*
Farmington; *E. K. Day*
Lewiston; *B. Peck*
Lewiston; *Ward Bros.*
Old Town; *H. M. Goldsmith*
Portland; *Catir's*
Portland; *Owen Moore*
Portland; *Porteous, Mitchell & Braun*
Portland; *Rines Bros.*
Presque Isle; *H. J. Weinberg*
Rockland; *Senter Crane*
Rumford; *E. K. Day*
Skowhegan; *Kennedy Crane*
Waterville; *Butler's Store*
Waterville; *Sterns Store*
Westbrook; *Parker's Dress*

MASSACHUSETTS
Athol; *Moskovitz Woman's*
Attleboro; *London's*
Attleboro; *Milady's Shop*
Bedford; *Stefanie Fashions*
Boston; *Conrad&Chandler&branches*
Boston; *Filene's*
Boston; *Gilchrist & branches*
Boston; *JordanMarsh&branches*
Brockton; *Edgar's*
Brockton; *Fraser's*
Chicopee; *Ferris'*
Dedham; *Geisheckers'*
Fall River; *Edgar's*
Fall River; *R. A. McWhirr*
Fitchburg; *Roger's*
Fitchburg; *Barney Rosen*
Florence; *Herlihy's*
Framingham; *New York Store*
Franklin; *Helen's Fashions*
Gloucester; *Wm. G. Brown*
Greenfield; *Wilson's*
Haverhill; *Mitchell&Co.*
Holden; *M. P. Benson*
Holyoke; *McAuslan & Wakelin*
Holyoke; *A. Steiger*
Hyannis; *Hasckel's*
Indian Orchard; *Kitchener's*
Jamaica Plain; *Wayne Store*
Lawrence; *A. B. Sutherland*
Lexington; *Baker's*
Longmeadow; *A. Steiger*
Lowell; *The Bon Marche*
Lowell; *A. G. Pollard*
Lynn; *Burrows & Sanborn*
Lynn; *T. W. Rogers*
Malden; *Boston Leader*
Mansfield; *De Clemente's*
Melrose; *Clement's*
Middleboro; *Boston Store*
Milford, Whitinsville; *Louis Fashion Shop*
NewBedford,FallRiver, Lowell, and Lawrence; *Cherry & Webb*
NewBedford; *NewBedford DryGoods*
NewBedford; *Sadow's*
North Adams; *Boston Store*
Northampton; *McCallum's*
N. Attleboro; *Miller's*
No Easton,Norton; *BettyJeanShops*
No. Quincy; *Ethelyn Shoppe*
Norwood; *Orent Bros.*
Peabody; *Ko Ko's*
Pittsfield, *England's*
Pittsfield; *Holden & Stone*
Plymouth, Nantucket, Cape Cod; *Buttner's*
Quincy; *Remick's*
Revere; *Almy's*
Rockland; *David S. Morse*
Salem, Revere, Beverly, Danvers and Burlington; *Almy's*
Salem, Beverly; *Webber's*
So. Boston, Somerville; *Tuck's*
Southbridge; *Edwards Corp.*
Springfield; *Blake's*
Springfield; *Brigham Co.*
Springfield; *Forbes & Wallace*
Springfield; *A. Steiger*
Stoughton; *Women's Apparel*
Wakefield; *Bowser's*
Walpole; *G. E. Holt*
Waltham; *Grover Cronin*
Waltham; *Parke Snow&branches*
Wareham; *GeorgeE.Cornwell*
Winthrop; *Michael's*
Worcester; *Barnard, Sumner & Putnam*
Worcester; *Cutler's Clothing*
Worcester; *Richard Healy*
Worcester; *R. H. White*

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Claremont; *Houghton&Simonds*
Concord; *Britt's*
Dover; *Ray's Shoppe*
Hampton Beach; *Standish Gift*
Hanover; *Ward's Store*
Keene; *The Vogue Shop*
Laconia; *Oscar Lougee*
Laconia; *Dennis O'Shea*
Manchester; *James W. Hill*
Manchester; *Leavitt's*
Manchester; *Manchester DryGds.*
Meredith; *Grad's*
Nashua; *Harper's*
Nashua; *Miller's WomensShop*
Nashua; *Speare Dry Goods*
Peterborough; *Derby Store*
Pittsfield; *Dustin's Store*
Portsmouth; *George H. Kimball*
Woodsville; *Hovey's Shops*

NEW JERSEY
Bayonne; *Paramount Shop*
Clifton; *William's Store*
Cranford; *Jay-Mar*
Denville, Lakeside Sh. Cntr; *Ann Wayne*
Elizabeth,Plainfield; *GoerkeCo.*
Elizabeth,Clifton; *LevyBrothers*
Hackensack; *Famous Fain*
Metuchen; *Morris Stores*
Morristown; *M. Epstein*
Newark; *Bamberger's&branches*
Parlin,Freehold; *SyloetteShops*
Pleasantville; *Flamingo Shop*
Point Pleasant; *Abromowitz*
Pompton Lakes; *Gelman's Store*
Princeton; *Bailey's*
Rahway; *Pachman's Woman's*
Somerville; *M. H. Burke*
Sparta; *Don Campbell*
Summit; *Brooks*
Trenton; *Nevius-Voorhees*
Union City; *A. Holthausen*
Vineland; *Marrene Shop*
Washington; *H. A. Cohen*
Wayne; *Greta Fashions*
West New York; *Lily Shoppe*

NEW YORK
Albany; *John G. Myers*
Albany; *Wm.Whitney&PlazaStore*
Albion; *Landauer's*
Alexandria Bay; *Guerrieri's*
Amagansett; *La Carruba's*
Amsterdam; *M. Lurie*
Auburn; *Wm. B. Hislop*
Bainbridge; *Lockwood's*
Batavia; *C. L. Carl*
Binghamton; *Fowler,Dick&Walker*
Boonville; *Hill's Store*
Brockport; *Village Store*
Bronx; *Fuhrman Bros.*
Bronx; *MaryLerner (BelmontShop)*
Buffalo; *Adam,Meldrum &Anderson&branches*
Buffalo; *Hens & Kelly & branches*
Buffalo; *Sturner's*
Catskill; *Smart Shop*
East Aurora; *Seaman,Hood&Morey*
East Rochester; *Saxton's Store*
Elmira; *S. F. Iszard*
Endicott; *Burt Co.*
Glen Falls; *Fowler's*
Gouverneur; *Sol Kaplan*
Herkimer, New Hartford; *Munger-Genung's*
Hornell; *Cameo Shop*
Horse Heads; *J. H. Cohen*
Hudson; *Richman's*
Jamestown; *Bigelow's*
Johnstown; *Gould's Store*
Latham; *Boston Store*
Lockport; *Williams Bros.*
Malone; *Star Quality Clothes*
Massena; *Levine's Store*
Mayville; *Lincoln's*
Middletown; *Tompkin's DryGds.*
Monticello; *Hammond & Cooke*
Newburgh; *Fish-Freiman*
Newburgh; *Israels'*
New York; *Macy's*
New York; *Saks—34th & branches*
Northport; *Ingerman's*
No. Tonawanda; *Jenss Stores & branches*
Nyack; *Van Der Waldes*
Olean; *Jayne's*
Oneonta; *Oneonta Dept.Store*
Painted Post; *Ben Brown*
Patchogue; *Bee Hive*
Penn Yan; *Lown's*
Poughkeepsie; *Wallace Co.*
Richfield Springs; *Ruby's*
Riverhead; *Le Roy's*
Rochester; *McCurdy's&branches*
Rochester; *Schoeman's*
Rome; *Kanoff's*
Schenectady; *Carl Co.&branches*
Schenectady; *Wallace Co.*
Suffern; *Freida Barry*
Suffern; *Genung's*
Syracuse; *C. E. Chappell*
Syracuse; *Dey Bros.*
Syracuse; *L. A. Witherill*
Utica; *Boston Store*
Walton; *Style Shop*
Watertown; *Globe-Watertown*
Watkins Glen; *Possee's*
Westchester; *Genung's, all stores*
White Plains; *Mary Lerner*
Yonkers; *Mimi-Yonkers*
Yonkers; *Spar Sweater Shop*

PENNSYLVANIA
Aliquippa; *Brodhead Shop*
Aliquippa; *Staman's*
Allison Park; *Donna Lou Shoppe*
Altoona; *Bon Ton Store*
Altoona; *Wm. F. Gable*
Altoona; *Kaufman's*
Ambridge; *Davidson's*
Apollo; *Rubin's*
Barnesboro; *Friedman's*
Beaver; *Koelbel's*
Beaver Falls; *Junior Deb*
Bedford; *Maurice's Store*
Bellefonte; *Dank's & Co.*
Belle Vernon; *Vic's*
Bloomsburg; *Arcus'*
Bloomsburg; *Racusin's&branches*
Braddock; *J. M. Balter*
Bradford; *Johnston Store*
Brookville; *Rubin's*
Brownsville; *Kart's*
BuckmanVillage(Chester); *Bell's*
Butler; *Troutman's*
California; *Zack's*
Canonsburg; *Betty Lee Shop*
Canonsburg; *Borchert's*
Carnegie; *Block's*
Carnegie; *Price's*
Chambersburg; *Tobey's*
Charleroi; *Miller Fashion*
Charleroi; *The Showcase*
Clairton; *R. F. Harris*
Clairton; *Jerri's*
Clearfield; *Leitzinger's*
Connellsville; *Troutman's*
Donora, Monongahela; *William's*
Dormont; *Price's Dress Shop*
Du Bois; *Leonardson's*
Ebensburg; *Shadden's*
Edinboro; *Vi-Engel*
Ellwood City; *Cecelia Shop*
Ellwood City; *Schweiger's*
Emporium; *Vogue Shoppe*
Ephrata; *Donecker's*
Erie; *The Boston Store*
Erie; *Kline's Stores*
Erie; *Trask's & branches*
Etna; *E. P. Reinhard*
Export; *The Hub Store*
Fredericktown; *Lazovik's*
Greensburg; *Royer's*
Greensburg; *Troutman's*
Greenville; *Friedman's*
Grove City; *Campus Dress Shop*
Harrisburg; *Bowman's*
Harrisburg; *Feller's*
Hatboro; *Santerian's Store*
Homestead; *Hyman's*
Honesdale; *Katz Bros.*
Huntingdon; *Dank's & Co.*
Huntingdon; *Poser's*
Indiana; *Brody's*
Indiana; *Troutman's*
Johnstown; *Berg's Apparel*
Johnstown; *Glosser Bros.*
Johnstown; *Penn Traffic*
Jeannette; *Ratner's*
Kane; *Suzanne Shoppe*
Lancaster; *Hager's*
Lancaster; *Watt & Shand*
Latrobe; *Hollywood Shop*
Latrobe; *Troutman's*
Lebanon; *Haak Bros.*
Leechburg; *PhiladelphiaStore*
Lewistown; *Dank's & Co.*
Lewistown; *McMeens Store*
McKeesport; *Cox's & branches*
McKeesport; *Immel's*
Meadville; *Crawford Store*
Meadville; *Fashion Shop*
Media; *Snowden's*
Midland; *Fannin's*
Milford; *Bloomgarden's*
Minersville; *Blue Front Store*
Monessen; *Eisenberg's*
Mt. Union; *Dave Saxe*
New Castle; *Strouss-Hirshberg*
New Kensington; *Hart's*
New Kensington; *Mac's Village*
Norristown; *Friedman'sN.Y.Store*
Northampton; *H. A. Miller*
North East; *Holly Shop*
Oil City; *Brody's*
Oil City; *Freem's*
Palmyra; *Ferry's*
Pen Argyl; *L. C. Yeisley*
Philadelphia; *Abends*
Philadelphia; *Allen's*
Philadelphia; *John Wanamaker*
Philipsburg; *Parsky's*
Phoenixville; *Annex Shop*
Pittsburgh; *Gimbels & branches*
Pittsburgh; *Jos.Horne&branches*
Pittsburgh; *Kaufmann's&branches*
Pittsburgh; *Lebanon Casual*
Pittsburgh; *Mansmann's*
Pittsburgh; *Rosalia Shop*
Pittsburgh; *Stephen-Richard*
Pittsburgh; *Swagger Shop*
Punxsutawney; *Smart Shop*
Quakertown; *Weiss Store*
Reading; *Pomeroy's*
Reading; *Tersuhow's*
Reading; *Whitner's*
Ridgway; *Brody's*
Rimersburg; *Mary Jane Shop*
Roaring Springs; *Roaring Springs Dept. Store*
Rochester; *Edmin's CabauaStore*
St. Mary's; *Berman's*
Scottdale; *Morris'*
Scranton; *Cleland Simpson*
Sewickley; *Gusky's Ladies*
Sharon; *Bolotin's*
Sharon; *Sharon Store*
Sharon; *Whitmer-Smith*
Somerset; *Lois Ann Shoppe*
Souderton; *R. E. Hope*
State College; *Danks & Co.*
Stroudsburg; *A. B. Wyckoff*
Sunbury; *Bowman's-Sunbury*
Turtle Creek; *I. Fineman*
Uniontown; *Kaufman's*
Uniontown; *Metzler's*
Vandergrift; *Peggy Ann's*
Vandergrift; *Rubin's*
Warren; *Miller Shop*
Washington; *Lang's*
Waynesburg; *Rapport's*
West Chester; *Mosteller's*
West Newton; *Rouse's Store*
WilkesBarre; *Fowler-Dick-Walker*
York; *Bear's Store*
York, Hanover; *Bon Ton Store*

RHODE ISLAND
Barrington; *Flo's*
E. Greenwich; *Silverman's*
Providence; *Cherry&Webb&branches*
Providence; *Outlet Co.*
Wakefield; *Kenyon's*
Westerly; *Dower's*
Woonsocket; *McCarthy's DryGds.*
Woonsocket; *Social Store*

VERMONT
Barre; *Homer Fitts*
Bennington; *E. L. Nichols*
Brattleboro; *J. E. Mann*
Burlington; *Abernathy's*
Burlington; *The Royal*
Poultney; *Esther's CollegeShop*
Rutland; *Economy Dept.Store*
St. Johnsbury; *Hovey's Shops*
Springfield; *Furman's Store*

Mothers all love Ship'n Shore.
And Ship'n Shore returns the compliment.
With the prettiest collection of blouses
ever to say 'Happy Mother's Day.'

IN SIZES 28 to 38: NOTCHED COLLAR SHIRTS IN GARDEN PRINT OR SOLID COLORS, 65% DACRON® POLYESTER AND 35% COTTON. 4.00
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FOR THE STORES WITH SHIP'N SHORES, SEE THE ADJOINING PAGE.

The most unmistakable perfume in the world.
Le De Givenchy.
Created to identify his following.



We still call them "calling cards" but we don't quite know why.

Calling cards and informals are used for invitations, thank-yous, congratulations, quick notes of many kinds. They appear in flowers, candy, fruit baskets, in birthday, wedding, bon voyage and new baby gifts (to name just a few). Calling cards are also used, occasionally, for calling.

Ever since the days of discerning butlers (a good one could always tell a Crane calling card) our cards have had a remarkable look and feel—luxurious, but with great simplicity. We make them in several weights and finishes, in white and naturel. But they all have a singular quality, a texture achieved by using only 100% rag fibers.

Your Crane dealer will be happy to help you select your Crane calling cards and informals, and the engraving—a combination to make them distinctively yours.

He's an authority on paper "etiquette," too. The one to consult about your formal invitations, announcements, paper trousseau, all your stationery needs. And, he's mecca for lovely gifts. For example, he has a wide selection of boxed sets of beautiful, personal Crane paper and envelopes for under $5. Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Mass.

Crane's
FINE PAPERS



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER • ROTH

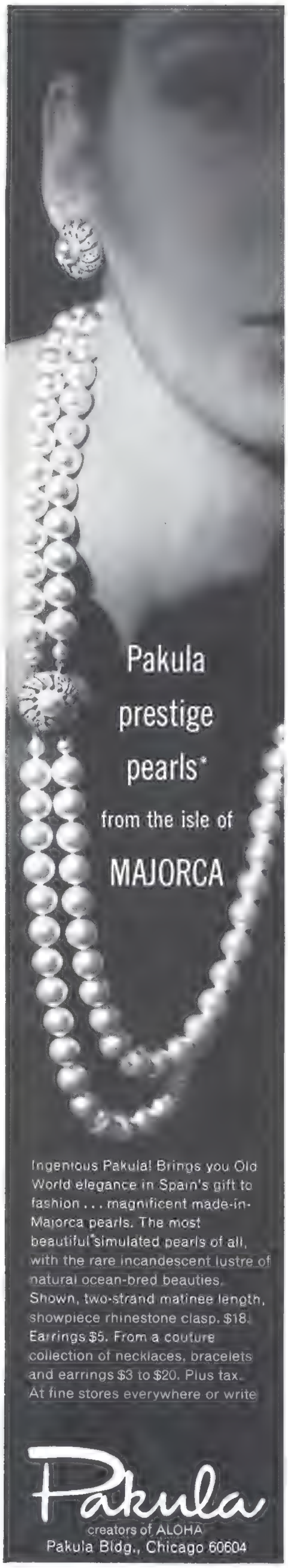
Undress a chic woman and what do you see?

Barely Beige. A look accomplished by pouring pale beige lace over white. Very lush in a hush-hush way. Most likely you own several good little white bras. Perhaps even a wicked little black one.
But Barely Beige is in a class all its own. Upper class, with a lowered eyelids look. Something to wear like perfume, for the pure femininity of it.
If you think this is sheer splurge, remember that beneath the lace lie our best working models of bra and girdle.
For example, the Self-Fitting Bra above. Known to be the most well-adjusted bra around, because of its unique construction. And the Magic Insets that give our famous uplift are now so sheer and light, they're your most invisible means of support. There's both sense and sex appeal to our Magic Oval pantie girdle, too. Long-legged, with subtle hip control, its rigid tummy panel hides behind a veil of Barely Beige lace. Everything that's Barely Beige at self-indulgent prices, too. This bra, 4.00. The girdle, 11.00. There's an entire collection of unmentionables, really worth mentioning. Treat yourself.

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The Happy Idea is this After-Dinner Print. A deliciously rich assortment of pink, blue, and gold . . . blended to perfection. One lavish way to end it all. And happily . . . it begins with the clear, pure, true color that comes with Caprolan® nylon. The better color abundant above in this lush sweep of a lounging robe. Petite, small, medium, large. About $23. Fashion inspired by Oleg Cassini for Blanche. Fiber by Allied Chemical. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.

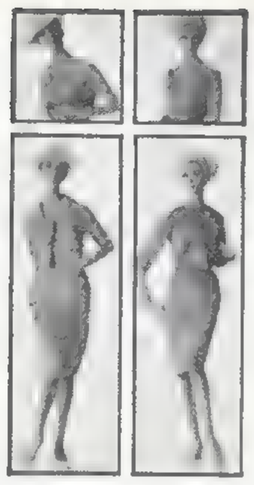


VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The acquisition of the young-looking eye



Announcement of a thrilling event in eyedom: the official arrival and widespread dispersement in this country of some eye-lifting makeup that, until a couple of months ago, was confined to Paris and a handful of U. S. beauticians who went to the trouble of importing it. . . . For over thirty years Americans have been picking up by the case in Paris, and imploring their Paris-bound friends to do likewise, a remarkable mascara put out by the Robert Piguet company. Name is Longcils (*longcils*=long lashes) and its virtues are legion. A round cake that comes with a hefty brush and generous mirror, Longcils oil-based mascara is agreeably smudgeproof. In it there is keratin, the protein responsible for this mascara's way of paying individual attention to each lash; of working, on the tenth application, better than on the first; of encouraging silkiness. ("It takes a little longer to apply," said one longtime Longcils addict whose lashes pay tribute to whatever she does for them, "and you must use warm, not cool, water—but it's worth it, even if it has to go through customs.") . . . Well, now it doesn't have to and it will be joined, in such accessible spots as Bonwit Teller and Joseph Magnin, by a Longcils eye liner fluid. By a luminous eyeshadow cream that is wonderfully blendable, diligently emulsified, and absolutely dead-set against planting itself, white-line-like, in the creases that somewhere around sixteen every young lady in the land starts acquiring . . . and sometimes finds being filled, as the eyes go about their blinking, with eyeshadow. Longcils Démaquillant, a violet-coloured liquid astringent without alcohol, is meant not only to remove eye makeup charmingly but to tighten up the eye area, to give a small lift to a section of the face that frequently feels deserving of one. Welcome, Longcils—every clever little aspect of you.



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Atlanta, Rich's
Illinois
Chicago, Chas. Stevens & Co.
Peoria, P. A. Bergner Co.
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ROUTE OF THE ASTROJETS

ATTENTION TRAVELERS

The chic traveler selects an American Astrojet, with in-flight motion picture entertainment and individually controlled television. She wears a marvelously sheer Empire print, with her mad craving for being dressed excitingly...yet sensibly.

For gala flights...a linen-accented jacket and dress of rayon sheer in Stein & Fishman's town and country print. Green or blue. Or a softly tied jacket and scoop-necked dress of flower-printed sheer. In glorious blue, green or lilac. Both styles in custom-sizes 12C to 22C, at about $30.

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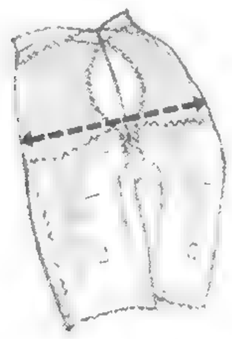
No Gentleman will read this ad!

This is strictly for the ladies.
To explain why FORTUNA "SUCCESS" fits like no other girdle, it may be necessary to use terms a bit delicate for mixed company. We don't intend to mince words, so, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE TURN THE PAGE!

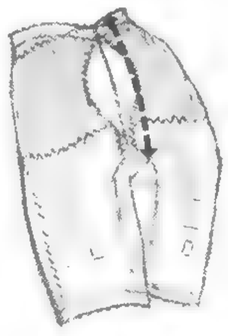


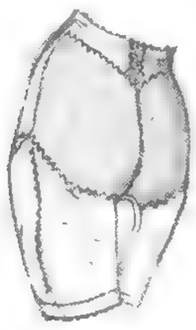
Good. We're alone.

Now, ladies, about your figure. You must realize it's not perfect. "Perfect" doesn't exist. Every figure is different. That's why many of you suffer bunching at the waist (girdle too long) or



sagging below the belly-button (girdle too short). Reason is poor vertical fit. Anyone can be fitted properly from hip to hip. But, unless you've worn FORTUNA "SUCCESS", chances are you've never been fitted properly from waist to crotch. That's the secret. Waist to crotch. It's the way custom corsetieres measure girdles. The way FORTUNA measures them. The only accurate way.





And it's so easy to prove. Ask for the "Success" that's size-AND-torso proportioned for you with artful control panels that persuade tummy, thighs and fanny to behave. Pantie $12.95. Girdle $10.95.

All right ladies, time to join the boys.

Success® by fortuna

In lightweight DuPont Lycra® Spandex and Nylon. White or black with hidden adjustable garters.
Short, average or long torso lengths in small, medium, large and extra large sizes.

At all fine stores or write FORTUNA FOUNDATIONS, INC., 34 W. 33rd St., N.Y. • Canada, Australia, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Belgium, West Germany

Patent 2,966,912

Here's How Your Beauty Grows at Rexall



THE TEEN SCENE

hints for a budding beauty

A young complexion just naturally has the dewy look that the rest of us have to use artifice to achieve. Yet often, minor blemishes pop up to mar the freshness. If you're the type who thinks tears and a quick cancelling of dates is the only answer, read on. Rexall has a treat *and* a treatment in store for you.

Actually, the "treatment" simply is based on that main tenet of good grooming—cleanliness. That means cleaning your face three times daily—and making sure hands and towel are clean when you do it. It means keeping your hair shining-clean, too; and always having a clean, oil-free scalp.

To help you do this basic job in the easiest and most effective way, Rexall has four medicated products especially for teens. And each and every one has a bonus for you—it's *antiseptic*, to inhibit the growth of bacteria, and to actually help heal minor blemishes!





So, make a clean start by establishing a ritual—3 daily cleansings with Rexall Medicated Cleansing Lotion and Medicated Pore Lotion. Cleansing Lotion has deep penetrating action—helps clear clogged pore openings, removes excess oil and minor impurities. Pore Lotion is a cooling, cleansing refreshant that makes skin texture look finer—and it contains Allantoin to aid healing.

Of course you'll want to give special treatment to areas where trouble has erupted. And Medicated Treatment Cream is the answer. It helps prevent and heal pimples, inhibits the growth of bacteria—and to make it all the nicer, it's greaseless, flesh-tinted, delicately scented with hypo-allergenic perfume. Almost more treat than treatment!

Even with this care there can be trouble ahead—unless your hair is spic and span, too. Because an oily scalp can send bacteria down to your complexion, and thus aggravate even care-free skin. But never fear—Rexall's Medicated Shampoo to the rescue! It's a golden liquid that combats oiliness and dandruff, while it inhibits the spread of bacteria. Use it often—and make sure brush and comb are shampoo-clean too!



Now for the treat. We call it Marvalove—and it's a lovable group of Medicated Cosmetics to keep you looking like an angel, while it helps to banish those devilish little blemishes. All 3 Marvaloves are antiseptic—help heal while they conceal. And all come in flower-fresh, skin-tone shades of Natural, Light, Medium or Dark.



It's a natural—Marvalove Medicated Liquid Make-up, that is! Gives flawless, natural-looking coverage, while the mild medicants aid in hiding and healing minor break-outs. For a soft touch, with Liquid Make-up or on its own, try Marvalove Medicated Pressed Powder, in the gold-and-white compact with the cherub on it. Your skin gains a soft, matte finish—while the medicants help finish off (and prevent) minor blemishes. And for on-the-spot coverage, rely on Marvalove Medicated Spot Stick.





Final tip: Rexall's Rescue Plan can help clear and cover minor blemishes. But real budding beauties need two more things to flourish. The first is sleep—a full eight hours. The second is a balanced diet. Fresh fruits and vegetables, lean meats, skim milk—and 6 to 8 glasses of water daily. When you say no to chocolates and oily foods—and yes to those leafy greens, your complexion will bloom, and your figure will reap benefits, too!

HAIR CARE

head for that daisy-fresh look



Question: how do you achieve Spring's lustrous look for hair, if yours is dry, unmanageable, brittle? Answer: that's what Rexall's New Awakening Plan is all about!

It's so easy—simply a basic grooming plan that requires no extra products, no time-consuming operations. But it awakens your hair to new beauty, because New Awakening products are scientifically formulated to help correct hair problems.

Shampooing, for instance, is a normal step in hair care. But with Controlled Action Shampoo, it's also a beauty treatment. Because *this* shampoo is buffered—action stops automatically, before your hair is robbed of natural oils. (And it actually protects color-treated hair.) Then instead of a second sudsing (you won't need it), substitute Sheen 'n' Shield Rinse, for new body and manageability.

Crystal Clear Hair Spray is a beauty treat, too! It's formulated with a special lanolin compound, and *no* lacquer or "goo"; is anti-static, so dirt doesn't cling. For extra highlights, try the spray-on ease of Star Shine Hair Gloss.

And for basic good grooming, as well as problem hair, try Moisture Guard Conditioner, with Prolanovite (which simulates nature's own beneficial oils). **1)** Use it for daily grooming—it's never greasy. **2)** Massage it through still-damp hair after shampooing—it acts as an instant conditioner. And for a true treatment—**3)** apply it to the hair before shampooing, cover with loose shower cap for an hour, then shampoo.



Do the new hair colorings tempt you? Well, coloring is no trick at all these days—once you decide what kind of change you want and pick the right product to make it.

For livelier loveliness without drastic change, use a temporary coloring like Rexall's Color Accent. It adds lustrous red or golden highlights; or tones down brassiness; depending on the shade you choose. Or blend in gray with Special Color Accent for Gray Hair. There's no orangey look.

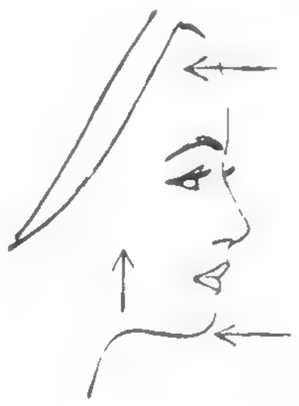
For a dramatic change, pick a permanent coloring such as Color Glory. It conditions, lightens as it colors (for skin-flattery): covers gray completely, if that's your aim.

And if you want a fling as a blonde, or the lighter shade you had as a child, try Rexall's Creme Hair Lightener. Almost as easy as shampooing to lighten a little or a lot; and it conditions, too!

SKIN CARE

steps to a rose-petal complexion

The basis of beauty in this or any season is a lovely complexion; and Rexall has just the lotions and potions to help make your dreams of a flower-fresh skin come true. All you need to know is which skin-type you are!



Most of us have a dry skin problem at one time or another due to the weather—but don't be surprised if your skin becomes more dry as the years go by. If your skin tends to flake, chap and roughen easily—if little lines show around the eyes—it's dry skin, and it needs pampering!

The most fabulous aid you can give dry or mature dry skin is famous Cara Nome Transcenda—it's like having a new lease on youth! This unique night cream blends rare oils, rich emollients and precious moisture—a near duplication of the substances that make young skin look young. It actually attracts moisture from the air to your skin. Once you've tried Transcenda, you'll never want to be without it!



Oily skin is the other side of the coin—looks shiny, and tends toward large pores and blackheads, especially at nose, chin, forehead. The key to treatment is deep cleansing, with a product that really penetrates.

Cara Nome Cleansing Grains are the best friend an oily skin can have. They go deep down to help dislodge blackheads, and free pores of below-the-surface dirt. They can be used daily—should be used at least twice a week.

Combination skin tends to be rough and flaky on cheeks and outer areas—and needs dry-skin pampering (Transcenda) in those areas. Where it's oily—nose, chin, forehead, give it oily-skin treatment (Cleansing Grains, twice a week). Normal skin usually has a fine, clear texture—but dryness will creep in with age, so start pampering now!



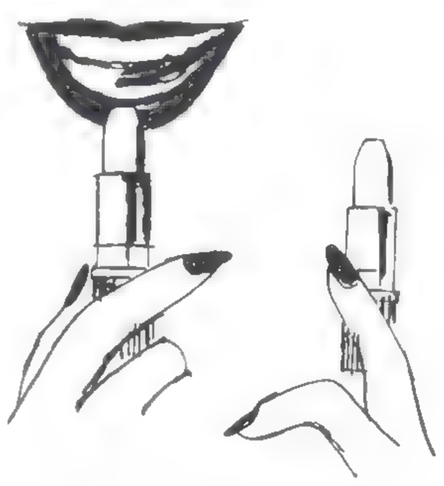
Important final word on the rose-petal look: the technique you use to apply creams and lotions is as vital as *what* you use. Always, always treat your skin gently—and always use an upstroke. A heavy hand, or down-dragging motions will just create sags and bags, lines and (horrors!) wrinkles. So apply yourself to an up, up, up sweep—with a gentle, circular motion to "rev up" circulation. See diagrams for the proper treatment for each area. And remember—gentleness is the key!

MAKE-UP

to make your beauty blossom

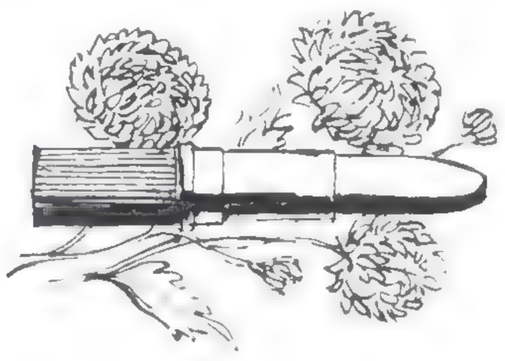
Everything's coming up pearly this spring, and the dew-drenched effect is as practical a beauty approach as it is a pretty one. Because—this pearlessence carries a secret that photographers and models have known for years. It reflects light instead of absorbing it—makes everything from soft candlelight to bright sunlight work for you—opens up your face to a look of young beauty you have to see to believe. Here's how to see it for yourself.

Of course you'll start with a foundation—one like Radiance Fluid Make Up—that lets your natural skin beauty shine through. Then—ready, set, glow!—with the pearly topper, Radiance Pearled Face Powder. It drenches your skin in translucent loveliness; lines and shadows seem to soften, disappear.



Now—the most exciting news for lips in many a moon! The touch-of-pearl look, with Rexall's Platinum Beige Lipstick. It's everything heavenly! A frosted champagne that works the most delicious color magic over all your favorite lipstick shades—softens them, tempers them, pearls them all at once. It adds romance to a radiant pastel like Rexall's Geranium Pink; gives a dewy look to Pale Poppy, Barely Peach, Barely Pink.

And wait till you see it over brand new Baby Mum! Baby Mum is toasty tan with warm pinkish tones—the skin-flattering new shade fashion so applauds. Touched with the pearl of Platinum Beige (so *much* prettier than the old dead-white pearl), it takes on an indescribably lovely dewy softness. And remember—Rexall's Morning Mist formula is actually good for your lips; it moisturizes and protects them while it beautifies.



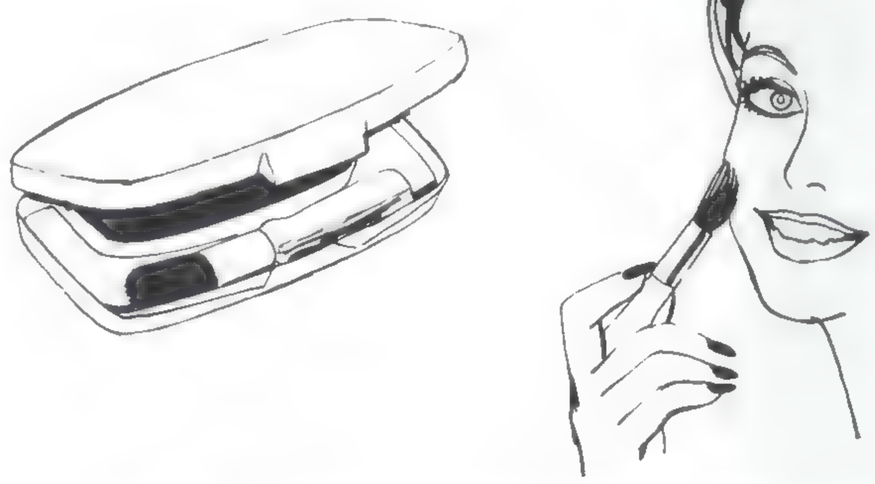
Naturally, you'll want your fingertips dipped in pearl, too. So Rexall has created fabulous Platinum Nail Enamel. For up-to-the-second fashion excitement, you'll wear it alone in all its pearly elegance. (It is called the Nacre Look.) Or you'll use it to create the iridescent, frosted look over your favorite shade—Baby Mum, no doubt.

Now for a real eye-opener—just see what a touch of pearl does for your eyes! Rexall has whipped up an amazingly creamy-but-firm Eye Shadow Stick in rare Platinum Beige, to create the most flattering, frosty effects over your favorite Eye Shadow Stick colors. Over Green, it's like early morning dew. Or try the so-favored combination of Brown and Gray, subtled with a honeyed frosting of Platinum Beige. Use it alone for a look of wide-eyed innocence.

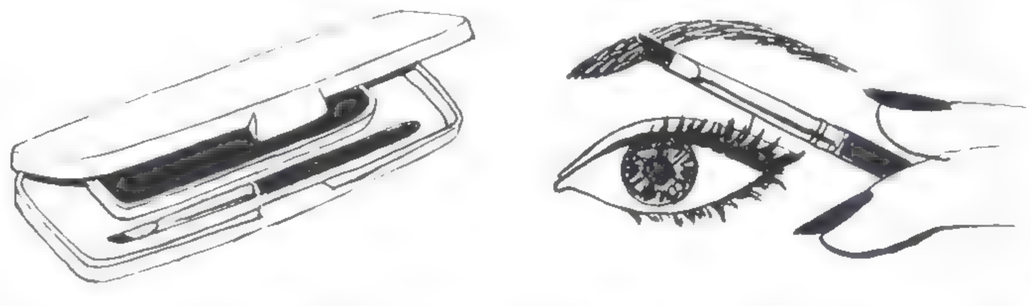


And for more of the wide-eyed look, play a few tricks! First you'll draw an innocent eye with Rexall's fine-pointed Eye-liner. Then touch Platinum Beige to the inner and outer corners of your eyes—and stroke it gently on the eye-bone, just beneath the brow. Voila! A younger-than-springtime look, pearly, dewy, incredibly pretty!

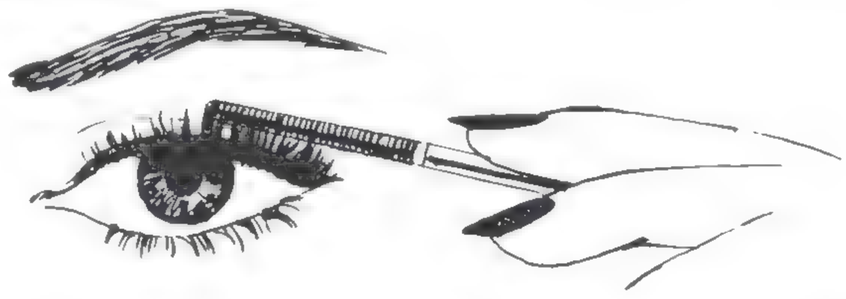
But a pearly glow isn't the only news for spring. The real news is a whole look of naturalness, of subtlety—and there's a new tool, the brush, to help you achieve it. Rexall has created two new brush-on products for a look that's all natural loveliness.



The first is Rexall's Radiance Blush, and the name couldn't be more fitting. It's a glow of rosy color to brush on with the tenderest touch imaginable. On your cheeks it blooms so softly, you'll wonder how you ever managed without its innocent blush. But don't stop there. Brush it softly *all over* your face and throat—see how it seems to add radiance rather than color. It comes with its own 'tender touch' cosmetic brush for an added bit of luxury you'll love.



The second is Rexall's Brush-On Brow—and it's a whole new look in eyebrow beauty! Fashion says brows this spring are lighter, more delicate, more natural than ever before. Rexall says, Brush-On Brow is *the* way to achieve the natural look, in one easy step that shapes and softly colors brows at the same time. It's a delicate pressed powder that won't rub off—applied with a tapered brush for the most subtle effect. Even Rexall's colors are delicate: Light Brown, Dark Brown or Charcoal. Goodbye forever to the harshly-drawn brow-line—hello to the new, subtle look!



And now, lashes. And there's even more news here. Rexall's brand new Lash Builder Mascara Wand does just what the name implies—builds longer-looking, luxuriant lashes, even as it colors. Fine-textured 'extenders' look silky and soft, while they add sweeping length. Of course Lash Builder is water-proof, tear-proof, smear-proof—and it's the final proof that all the new beauty is blooming at Rexall!

ASK YOUR REXALL COSMETICIAN



She's right there—at the Cosmetics counter in your Rexall Store. She's ready and eager to help you solve your beauty problems; to show you how to make your beauty grow.

YOUR Rexall DRUG STORE



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a shower of flowers to bring new beauty to you



Fashions for the ageless sophisticate by California Girl

Spring's beauty is subtle, pearly: a dew-drenched camellia; the bloom on a rose. And Rexall helps you cultivate it in the newest ways. For the bloom—Radiance Blush, a tender, brush-on glow. For the pearls—a lustre of Platinum Beige, to wear over your favorite Morning Mist lipstick (probably new Baby Mum); to frost your prettiest Eye Shadow Stick colors. But there is much more to the new beauty—a dewy complexion that Transcenda Cream can help you regain; the glow of healthful hair that New Awakenings helps you achieve. And for teens, it begins with Rexall's Medicated Cosmetics, the first step to freedom from minor blemishes. The new beauty is blooming in all its glory at your Rexall Drug Store. Come pick it—and pick a pretty plastic posy *free* with every purchase.

YOUR Rexall DRUG STORE

See the cosmetician in the store with this sign

Justin McCarty



Summer is well suited in our three piece Justin McCarty original, designed in snowy-white waffle-grid textured cotton, and accented with sunny yellow, sky blue, or orange acetate blouse and edging. Tailored with superb details, and lined throughout. Sizes 6 to 16. About $50.

Woolf Brothers

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Dreyfuss & Son, Dallas
Phil A. Halle, Memphis

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

April 15

Lady Barber Not in *Burke's Peerage* will you find her listed—the Lady Barber of whom we speak here. This one confines her listing to the West Los Angeles telephone directory, and in her case, this is more to the point. Because: This one is a Lady who is a Barber professionally—barber to men, barber on call, barber to heads with a lot to lose professionally if the hair hasn't a distinctly handsome cut. . . . Screeching up to the curbstone in front of Steve McQueen's house, or Dick Clark's, or Dean Martin's, Barberess Arlene Perlman whips her zingy sports car to a halt, and rushes in, scissors snapping, to give a haircut to the man of the house (in the case of the Dean Martins, the *men* of the house). Trained first in haircutting by the celebrated Los Angeles hairdresser Gene Shacove, it seems that Miss Perlman found beauty-salon life not her métier—it interfered with the high road, and whizzing about was something for which she'd always had a liking; also, while she enjoyed haircutting, she *hated* to set hair. . . . Her next move, arranged by her prime fan, Mr. Shacove, was to the training-squad of the West Coast prince of barbers, Jay Sebring. But again the settled life struck a wrong note, as also might—it was felt—the presence of a woman in the shop that was fast becoming Los Angeles's most fashionable men's club. . . . Somehow, the idea of visiting barber was hit upon, and Miss Perlman took to the notion in high gear. Among the calls now routine for her are emergency cries from the film studios, a motorcycle shop, even the beaches—not to mention (for $10 per cut per person) the people named above. Does Miss Perlman cut women's hair? No, for the public record. Yes, for the private record of a few favoured long-time clients. It was through one of these, whose haircut—long, silky, chic—we thought one of the best we'd ever seen, that the saga of the non-landed Lady Barber came to our ears.

Diet word Certainly the diet of the moment is the so-called Air Force Diet, or Low Carbohydrate Diet, first published by Vogue in the October 15 issue, 1964, and since then involved in all sorts of lives, conversations, and in still other print—most recently a book called *The Drinking Man's Diet* (thus labelled because liquor, like some other usually x-ed out indulgences, is permitted in this carbohydrate-diminished operation). . . . How does the diet work for the faithful? According to our mail, just about as expected: about fifty percent of the dieters report success; the other fifty percent thought we must be joking. . . . Why doesn't it work for everyone? It's not expected to; is only for people who've had no luck by the usual diet-route of reduced caloric intake, and whose physicians think this approach might be worth a try. . . . We've seen with our own eyes some remarkable results; twenty pounds off one gentleman in less than twenty painless days. But possibly the most telling—and most typical—result was recorded recently in Miami Beach. Seems that two show-business people, both overweight, were engaged for the same length of time for performances at two hotels of the vicinity. Deciding to go on the diet together, both ate all their meals together, thus matching their intake gram for gram. At the end of the first week, one had lost five pounds, the other had gained five pounds. Precisely the re-proportioning expected. . . .

Eyelash room Observed by a number of devoted false-eyelash wearers: the need for sunglasses with lenses set far enough away from the eyes to allow for unimpeded eye-blinking. Same observation: made by the Riviera sunglasses people who then went on to make amends. Result, bombé-shaped sunglasses that sit well on the bridge of the nose, but curve out roundly and handsomely around the eyes, giving breathing space to even the most breathtaking lashes. Bonwit Teller, Neiman-Marcus, and I. Magnin have the bombé. And Riviera itself has still another coup: permission to distribute in the U.S. the sensational tennis-ball sunglasses by Courrèges.

now–
fragrance
you can
feel



A Veil of Arpege







tonight I'll
sleep in
A Veil of Arpege

it clings

tomorrow I'll
dance in
A Veil of Arpege

it clings

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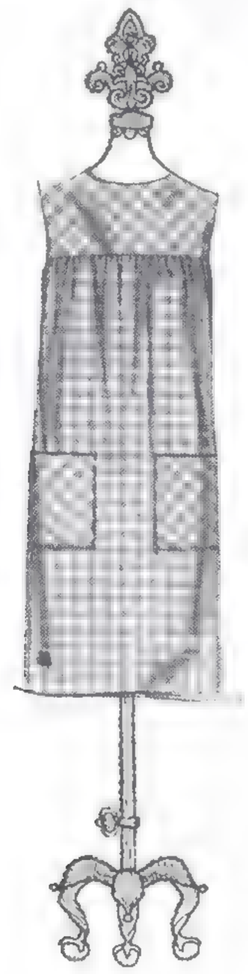
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VOGUE'S

One hundred and four carats—
in New York,
the sixth annual Diamond Ball



1

The Diamond Ball is always a dazzler. Even the husbands have a good time at it. Small, as such evenings go, the ball, which benefits the Institute of International Education and its extraordinary exchange programs, has the dash of a good private party. The music swings, the talk takes off, and the people-watching is superb: ambassadors, educators, students from all over the world, the prettiest women in town. For this year's party the Plaza Ballroom bloomed, yellow and golden, like an Easter garden; the Davises, Meyer and Sammy, played and sang. The diplomats were out in droves and so were the diamonds, including the 104-carat "Great Chrysanthemum." It was all in celebration



2



3

NOTEBOOK



4



5



6



7

of the Institute's new New York headquarters, an architectural notable: the building's conference rooms are the city's first designs by the famous Finnish architect Alvar Aalto.

1. The Plaza Ballroom. 2. Mr. Samuel P. Reed; Mrs. Backus Wood. 3. Mr. Clayton Fritchey; Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger. 4. Mrs. William P. Rayner; Mrs. Samuel P. Reed. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Kwang-Suong Wu. 6. Mrs. Maurice T. Moore; Mrs. John Davis Lodge. 7. Mrs. Henry J. Heinz, II; Mr. Gavin Young. 8. Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard, Chairman of the Ball; Mr. Kenneth Holland, President of the Institute of International Education. 9. Mrs. Jaquelin T. Robertson; Mr. Charles Baskerville.



8



9



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Drift in a scented dream world. While you bathe, Abano's exotic fragrance relaxes your mind as it anoints your body with its tantalizing perfume. Your tensions slip away, released through Abano's bewitching blend of mind-soothing scents. You *feel* soothed, smoothed . . . and you stay that way with Abano, the fragrance that clings to your skin for hours. Abano Perfumed Bath Oil—1.50 to 16.50 PLUS TAX



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...her escort.

Traditional plaid dinner coat splendidly interpreted in dacron and cotton with silk lapels. Fifty-seven fifty at fine stores. Lord West, 101 W. 21 St., N.Y.C.

Lord West

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By Henry Popkin

A View from the Bridge,

"the essential, unglamorous Arthur Miller"

Nearly ten years after its original production, Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge* now seems to be what it should have been in the first place—a working-class melodrama about a longshoreman's infatuation with his niece. In the full-length version now playing off-Broadway, director Ulu Grosbard and his cast wisely emphasize the reality of the characters and not the dubious logic of their self-defense. True, the script compels the longshoreman's wife to say: "Whatever happened we all done it, . . ." but we may consider this statement to reflect her hallucination, since we all know that, so to speak, he done it.

Ten years ago, this play came to us in its one-act form as a classical tragedy of guilt and betrayal, equipped with a Greek chorus, antique Grecian references, and blank verse. It was heavy with muted echoes of recent hearings before Congressional committees and with Miller's familiar obsession with "respect" and "blessings." For good measure, it had that story he was to dramatize four times: the husband who seeks more amusing alternatives to his virtuous but boring wife. Now the longer play has the happy effect of diluting the more self-conscious tragic allusions and, in particular, of making the chorus character quite superfluous. The proportions have altered, and consequently there is less posturing and more drama.

The actors speak an authentically earthy Brooklynese and dialect Italian with no pretension to eloquence and certainly none to verse. Everything now is for real, not for show, and nothing is more real than Robert Duvall's playing of the lead. His lumbering, heavy Eddie Carbone will come as a special revelation to those who remember his previous off-Broadway performances as a college student and a hillbilly. Grosbard gets a solid, low-keyed reality out of all his actors, restoring to this simple, effective drama the plainness that belongs to it. Shortly before *A View from the Bridge* opened off-Broadway, London's National Theatre put on *The Crucible*, with the lead played by Colin Blakely, a talented actor who might be described as England's belated answer to William Bendix. The preference for the essential, unglamorous Arthur Miller seems international.

All In Good Time,

"nothing to comprehend"

Bill Naughton's *All In Good Time* puts one in mind of some American dramas of a decade ago, like the film *Marty* and the play *A Hatful of Rain*, patronizing studies of lowbrows who, lacking our superior insight, are unable to comprehend their psychic disturbances. This moderately amusing British comedy about a young working-class couple who can not consummate their marriage is less patronizing, but it has a corresponding defect: there is nothing to comprehend. The only proper subject for analysis is the dramatist, not the bridegroom, who is impotent only because the dramatist needs to show some of the characters being cruel to him and others being kind. The happy consummation occurs when it does because it is getting late and the audience has to be sent home. That must be what is meant by "all in good time."

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By Elizabeth Hardwick

Lord Jim,

"an ordinary movie script"

Peter O'Toole in *Lord Jim,* with his blond curls ringing his yachtsman's cap, his rangy, loping walk, his static handsomeness, his elegant shirt open at the neck—he is so utterly contemporary, this minute, and his face has an innocence no suffering can violate. So, from the beginning, he is unthinkable as the driven, remorseful Lord Jim of Conrad, "the inscrutable . . . forgotten . . . unforgiven" ship's officer who abandoned his charges in a storm and spent the rest of his life doing his own penance. But suppose we could erase Conrad's great novel from memory and could think of this movie as what it actually is—an ordinary movie script loosely based on the novel—even then we can not accept O'Toole as an officer on the violent ship the "Patna" or as the saviour of the natives of Patusan. The best thing about this long, long movie—and what a woeful fashion is the long, luxe Technicolor production, with its "cast of stars," its theatre prices, and intermissions—is the sight of the old boats with their tattered sails, manned by their human "flotsam," lying in the steamy harbours of the Malay Archipelago.

The Train,

"dialogue . . . atrocious"

The Train, John Frankenheimer's new film, does not have an intermission, but is still tiresomely and fashionably long and, alas, commonplace. It has to do with the attempt, at the end of World War II, of a German officer, played by Paul Scofield, to send a trainload of important modern French paintings across the border into Germany. Burt Lancaster as his antagonist is a railway inspector and member of the French Resistance. By sabotage and cunning, Lancaster must stop the train short of the border without damaging the pictures, which are always referred to as "the national heritage," as indeed they are. The dialogue in this picture is absolutely atrocious, and Burt is not much of a Frenchman. The splendid Jeanne Moreau has a small part most viewers will wish were larger. As the old trains puff into the little stations, the action is from time to time interesting. Still, the whole enterprise has a futile, belated aspect.

The Greatest Story Ever Told,

"catatonic"

George Stevens's production *The Greatest Story Ever Told:* the Oberammergau for a lot of method actors; Charlton Heston as John the Baptist in monkey fur crying in the wilderness; the Swedish actor Max von Sydow as a rather catatonic Christ. (Prudence advises me to resist the temptation to go on.) When a little friend expressed some doubts about God's existence, my own young child, showing herself alarmingly attuned to our age, said vehemently, "Imagine not believing in a great *personality* like God!" And that is what we have here: many, many great personalities on the long, long road to Calvary.

For the woman whose husband reminds her (too often) of the way she used to look



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Great Western

(says Bacchus)



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BOOKS

By Ralph Blum

An American Dream,

"Tom Swift at a puberty rite"

"I believed God was not love but courage. Love came only as a reward," says the East Side Dostoevskian hero of Norman Mailer's *An American Dream* (Dial), a secretly old-fashioned novel steeped in mysteries reminiscent less of the Orphic sort than of those dear to Ouspensky and the Rosicrucians. It might have been a good detective story. Instead, Mailer's first novel in ten years founders under the freight of overwriting and gratuitous demonology, squandering its force in futile attempts to endow its protagonist—at best an instant celebrity—with the stature of a hero.

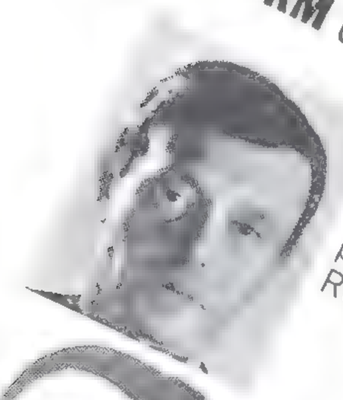
Stephen Richards Rojack, former war hero, ex-congressman, professor of existential psychology, television personality, and husband of an heiress, is also a half-Jew, a potential suicide with a lunar fixation, and a man possessed of perfect olfactory pitch. Rojack murders his incubus wife (her smell is like that of a "carnivore in a zoo") in chapter one; the rest of the book details his "ordeals." In less than thirty-six hours the hero faces down: the cops, the Mob, a switchblade-wielding Negro entertainer, and his own father-in-law, Barney Oswald Kelly—the ultimate American *éminence grise*. The key to Rojack's existential posturing is his war experience. Telling in massive sentences how he killed four Germans under a full moon, Rojack sounds like a Molly Bloom with grenades. The melodramatic conclusion he drew from his heroism—"that death was a creation more dangerous than life"—fixes the pop-mythopoeic level of what follows. If, as seems apparent, Mailer identifies closely with his hero, this book must serve as an advertisement warning against the dangers of ego as an aphrodisiac.

Brought to bay by the police after he murders his wife, Rojack knows the "sweet panic" of the tracked animal. This is the American hero seeking rebirth through jeopardy. Superficially he conducts himself in accordance with the rules and ideals of noble strife. He even enters trial by combat on behalf of a girl whom he has taken as a "sign," an omen of deliverance. But Rojack's auguries are futile auguries, his ideals pseudo-ideals. The switchblade man was only putting Rojack on; the mobsters prove to be degenerate, ghost-ridden; and old man Kelly is the *deus ex machina* who places Rojack beyond the law's reach. By the time a cop asks, "Rojack, are you CIA?" and Rojack answers, "I can't tell you something like that," the hero begins to resemble Tom Swift at a puberty rite.

Of course, there is always the outside chance that this *is* what Mailer intended all along. Assuming his intent is serious, the author betrays the hero by pitting him against straw men. For a man to be a man—let alone a hero or archetype—he must find tests to validate his manhood. This is still the American dream: to face and overcome danger. But the tests, to cleanse and catharize, must be real. Here agon and ritual are parodied and degraded until even Rojack seems to realize that his rebirth miscarried. He leaves behind him the field of sham battle strewn with the unassimilated stuff of Mailer's dream. A careful reading of this book might well prompt Mailer's generation to search for a new spokesman.

Rudi sets you free!

EXQUISITE FORM unveils **RUDI GERNREICH'S 'NO' COLLECTION.**



It started with the 'NO BRA' bra. (Sheer pandemonium!) Know how it happened? Rudi is a genius of a designer. He wants you to be a free woman. Exquisite Form supports his philosophy. That's why Exquisite Form offered Rudi Gernreich the freedom to design the 'No' Collection.

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Looks and feels as if you're wearing absolutely *nothing*. Wear it by day. Wear it for evening. You'll underscore today's natural look in clothes. (Quite a bra, the 'NO BRA'.)
32 to 36A; 32 to 38B; 32 to 36C. $4.

2. Now Rudi gives you the 'NO BACK'.
It's all front. No back. One little waistband keeps *it* anchored, *you* blasé. Now you can wear all backless clothes with a free mind.
32 to 36A, B, C. $9.



3. And the 'ALL-IN-NONE':
Rudi's one-piece masterpiece with a deep plunging front. Feel free to wear the new jump suits. The low-cut dresses. Anything. Whatever you put on, the 'ALL-IN-NONE' works.
32 to 36 Average Cup.
With detachable garters. $15.

All in sheerest nylon tricot and Lycra® spandex power net.
Nude, black, white. Stretch straps, of course.

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SUN GOLD IS THE COLOR FOR SPRING

Elizabeth Arden's golden plunder from the sun—as new as tomorrow's sunrise. It is a ray of sun-filtered pink to light up your lips . . . illumine your fingers . . . shine sweetly on your face (all so perfect with a suntan skin). And over the eyelids, Sun Gold casts beguiling shadows of purest, palest gold; for the Elizabeth Arden Eye Shado is a true sun color.

Here is the Sun Gold Makeup:

Sun Gold Lipstick	Sun Gold Eye Shado
Sun Gold Nail Lacquer	*(a pale gold pressed powder)*
Sun Gold Creme Rouge	to use over Cardo Eye Shado
(the filtered orangy pinks)	*(a leafy bronze green).*



And, of course, a touch of Invisible Veil Face Powder No. 3 dusted once over lightly. Finally, Color Veil fluffed on gently with blending brush over complete makeup.



Elizabeth Arden

© ELIZABETH ARDEN 1965



Photo by Castaldi

1965 ITALIAN FASHION AND FABRICS

EPSOMSTYLE
COMO

ENZO's amusing creation in an original harlequin-patterned fabric by Epsomstyle. Hat by Gallia Peter, Milano. Shoes by Helène, Milano. Jewelry by Canesi, Milano.



Photo by Moncada

1965 Italian Fashion and Fabrics

The fresh, spring looks of green and white checked wool by Litex for this snappy little suit with demure round collar, bow trimmed, and white linen blouse. By DE BARENTZEN.

VALENTINO's preference is for the petite, chic looks of short-jacketed suits. This version is in yellow wool by Litex. Hat by Ofelia, Roma.

LITEX
TORINO



Photo by Moncada

FRATELLI TERRAGNI & C.
COMO



Photo by Moncada

High-style evening outfit by IRENE GALITZINE in a magnificent silk by Terragni.

Gala gown designed on simple, statuesque lines in pale pink satin with cape-stole in deeper pink trimmed with a border of roses. By CAROSA, in satin by Terragni. Jewelry by Coppola & Toppo, Milano.

Photo by Martelli



1965 Italian Fashion and Fabrics



Photo by Barbieri

MASERICA
COMO

A dreamy design printed on this soft, open-weave fabric by Maserica, chosen by BARATTA for his skillfully cut two-piece.

1965 Italian Fashion and Fabrics

(ADVERTISEMENT)

APRIL 15, 1965
VOGUE

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: THIS LITTLE TIE GOES TO TOWN

Perfect proportions: perfect square toe; square throat; perfect little walking heel, one-and-one-half inches high—this is the supple spanking kidskin tie that Mancini made in whitest white and darkest navy blue ...that Balenciaga showed with all his great navy-blue topcoats and white linen dresses ...that is—for town, for everything tailored—the smartest new shoe this summer.

MARTINET



THE HOT TICKET

MOST WANTED FASHION FOR A COOL SUMMER

What's the Hot Ticket? In theatre talk, the one that gets you into the biggest hit in town. The one we're thinking of has the same aura of success, but a different purpose. ...It's tied or sewed onto every dress made in America, and it tells you exactly what the dress is made of—down to the last fibre. Percentages are given, names spelled out; and some names that used to sound like *1984* or Dr. No's laboratory—names like polyester, acrylic, triacetate—now have a familiar, trusted ring. (We may still not know what they *mean*, actually, but we know how they perform: brilliantly.) ...Some fabrics are all natural fibres, some all synthetic; the great majority are mixtures, with a spectrum of strengths and capabilities—such as coming out of a weekend suitcase (or a washing-machine) looking fresh, springy, attractive....What the ticket spells out this summer is a crisp cleanness of line, a look of action somewhere—swingy pleats in a skirt, or breezy fullness in a jacket; some of the prettiest evening looks ever—immaculate flat ruffles, scallops, little bursts of lace and eyelet embroidery, stiff piqués; bare dresses for the beach, or your own terrace....The most wanted fashion this summer, on these 14 pages.

TOMATO-RED TWILL WITH BOLD PRINT; CRISP PLAID WITH A SWING OF PLEATS Wonderful colour, *facing page*, wonderful shape to start summer in—a short jacket, full skirt with a deep pleat, of tomato-red twill; branchy black-and-white printed Dacron blouse. Suit by David Kidd for Jablow, in Dacron and cotton (Crompton fabric). About $125. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Hattie Carnegie mock-pearl earrings. Everything at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also, Montaldo's; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson. Plaid crispness, *right*—grey-and-white cotton two-piece dress, belted top; the skirt, a breeze of pleats. By Couture West, in Pomezia cotton. About $125. Wear-Right gloves. Both, Bonwit Teller. Suit also L.S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Valjean necklace: Tailored Woman. Evins shoes. Both hats by Halston; to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

BERT STERN



FRESH WHITE TICKETS FOR A CITY SUMMER

There's nothing like white for taking the steam out of summer in town and filling it with sea-breeze freshness. Two of the freshest, here, lean, cool dresses, spanking as white jib-sheets. Rippled white dress, left, with a straight-up-and-down dash. Sleeveless, with a wide curved collar, pockets below an easy tape at the waist. Worn in the shade of a brimmy hat. Dress by Andrew Arkin. Of cotton and Saran. About $50. Marvella earrings. Both: Best & Co. Dress: Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin. Ben-King belt. Shoes of Corfam: I. Miller. Blouson-back, right, curving softly over a brass-buttoned half belt, narrow skirt. Refreshing, immaculate, a very pretty way to look any day this summer. Worn with little-girl sandals. By David Kidd for Jablow. About $125. Of rayon, cotton, and silk (Royal Woolens fabric). Napier earrings. Both are at Henri Bendel. The dress, also at Bramson; Gus Mayer. Evins shoes. Both pages: Halston hats to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Kayser gloves. Belle-Sharmeer stockings. Coiffure: Ara Gallant of Garrison-Ramon.

BERT STERN





TOKEN JACKETS, WIDER HEMS TICKETED FOR A BREEZY SUMMER

Two airy dresses with their own covers for sailing through days in town or for catching the noon balloon—sailing out, here, beneath big shady hats. Side-buttoned jacket, left, in fresh white piqué over a bare little tape-tied dress, wide at the hem, moving right into dinner. By Teal Traina. Of Arnel, cotton, and rayon (Stein-Tex fabric). About $125. Arpad earrings. Both Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, at Godchaux's; Gidding-Jenny; Sakowitz. Halston hat made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Wear-Right gloves. Ben-King belt. Belle-Sharmeer stockings. Shoes by Evins. Minty-green flowers, right, sprigged on white cotton piqué. Short-sleeved jacket opened over a crisp sleeveless dress sashed a bit high, the waist dropped a touch; widening skirt. Worn with a spreading yellow straw hat. Dress by Gustave Tassell. Of Ascher fabric. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Rich's; I. Magnin. Richelieu earrings: Altman's. Van Raalte gloves; Gustave Tassell hat.

BERT STERN



SEASON TICKETS FOR A COOL SUMMER

Little-sleeved jacket, left, with a wide wing-collar, opened all summer on an unbeatable little city dress. Pale, oatmeal-coloured waffle-piqué with a straight, sleeveless bodice...skirt gathered on a low welted band. By Charles Howard for Townley. Of cotton, Avisco rayon, and silk. About $110. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Viola Weinberger gloves. Marvella necklace. Evins shoes. Big-brimmed hat: Mr. John.

Crisp apron-ruffles, near right, spinning for barefoot country evenings in navy-on-white dots, with fantail pleats fizzing from a high wide bow. By Eloise Curtis for David Styne, in junior sizes. Of Kodel-and-cotton Everfast fabric with Everglaze easy care. $50. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Beaded black-and-white ear hoops by Van S. At Altman's.

Burst of white pleats, far right, buttoned at the shoulder like a little girl's pinafore, fanning out above bare suntanned knees. Light, breezy, one of the most refreshing country dresses. By Majestic. Of Dacron and cotton (Klopman fabric). About $14. Lord & Taylor, New York; Hudson's. Dalsheim earrings. Coiffure by Sebou of the House of Revlon.

BERT STERN





BERT STERN



CITY SNAP TICKETED FOR SUMMER

Culotte suit, far left, in pink-and-white Glen plaid cotton with a shirty little jacket, white blouse stashed into a wide fling of side-wrapped culotte. Perfect for town, perfect for travel. Worn with a big flat-brimmed hat and little-girl sandals. Suit by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Of Pomezia cotton. About $245. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Battelstein's. Gloves by Aris. Earrings by Richelieu. Shoes by Evins.

The perfect little hot-weather dress, above left, in waffled white piqué; shoulders extended a touch over tanned arms, shiny black buttons down the front, short gathered skirt. By Nantucket Naturals. Of Arnel, rayon, and cotton. Stein-Tex fabric. About $35. Richelieu jewellery. All: Altman's. Dress: Julius Garfinckel. Aris gloves. Evins shoes.

Trim little city suit, right, in bubbled white piqué. Small, clean everywhere, with a short-sleeved jacket belted in back. By Handmacher. Of Dacron, cotton, nylon (Galey & Lord fabric). About $45. At Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Rich's; Harzfeld's. Aris gloves: at Lord & Taylor. The necklace by Laguna. All the hats by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman.





WHITE RUFFLES TICKETED FOR SUMMER

Rims of ruffles and white piqué, far left, wrapped high on the waist—cool summer ticket in the fresh crispness of cotton piqué. By Highlight. About $35. The white kidskin gloves by Viola Weinberger. All at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress also: Godchaux's. See-through shift, near left, all lace, sheer ribbing, and transparent ruffles fluttering on suntanned arms. Buttoned over a white crêpe slip; hem of lace scallops. By Dynasty, of cotton, rayon, and nylon. About $90. At Bloomingdale's; Burdine's. Ring by Robert Originals. White piqué and wraparound ruffles, right, standing up around the throat, wrapped to one side like a little apron and tied. By Highlight, of cotton (Soptra fabric). About $55 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Horne; Dayton's; Neusteters. Kislav gloves: Best & Co. Joseph Tucciarone hairpiece. Both pages: Marvella earrings at Best & Co. Coiffures by Marc Sinclaire.

BERT STERN



VOGUE PATTERN 6537

VOGUE PATTERNS

BERT STERN



TATTERSALL TICKET FOR A COOL SUMMER

Tattersall dirndl, left, in black, white, and grey. Cool, fresh, its tape-tied waist lifted in front; short skirt gathered to swing through summer. Worn with adorable little-girl sandals and a big-brimmed panama; white gloves to the wristbone. Vogue Pattern 6537. Of Avisco rayon, cotton, and silk (McLean fabric). Marvella necklace. Hansen gloves. All: Bloomingdale's. Ben-King belt at Bonwit Teller. Mr. John hat. Evins shoes. Coiffure: Sebou, House of Revlon.

Raincoat-dress to step into, right. Beige-and-black Tattersall zipped up under a fly front to a small shirt collar. With deep, cuffed dolman sleeves; flapped pockets; a trenchy brass-ringed belt. Worn with a five-gallon hat in the same Tattersall. Vogue Pattern 6536. Of Kodel and cotton by Everfast with Everglaze easy care, at Altman's. Courrèges hat from Emme. Hansen gloves. Golo boots. Coiffure: Marc Sinclaire.

Other views, yardages on page 147.

VOGUE PATTERN 6536

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The spectacular Walter Matthau, gangling, knobby, a funny, combustible slob in the new comedy *The Odd Couple*, another Neil Simon hit, directed with wise sight gags by Mike Nichols whose first-act poker game is a miracle of clashing timing, with the gong struck especially by Nathaniel Frey who looks like a hero sandwich. . . . The London television serial, "The Walrus and the Carpenter," in which Felix Aylmer and Hugh Griffith, playing two aging rebels, overflow their demanding rôles. . . . The headmaster of Eton who said: "We have about the same number of spoilt boys as other schools. But our spoilt boys are often much richer."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The slap of marvellous colour, the control of the new Helen Frankenthaler paintings recently at New York's André Emmerich Gallery. . . . The refreshing, muscular criticism of movies in the book *I Lost It at the Movies*, by Pauline Kael who plunges her stiletto with a staccato beat into Fellini, Antonioni, Kazan, Inge, Tennessee Williams, Geraldine Page, and Pamela Tiffin "with a face as soft and dimply as a baby's bottom—and just as expressive. Couldn't the stork take her back?"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The brilliant subtlety, the glow of the choreography by Kenneth MacMillan for *Romeo and Juliet*, danced sometimes by the famous couple Fonteyn and Nureyev, the leading dancers of the Royal Ballet, and sometimes by the tender, young couple Lynn Seymour and Christopher Gable; Seymour has been described by the ballet critic Richard Buckle as "odd, modern, original, touching, and perfect."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The three powerful Assyrian reliefs at the Los Angeles County Museum, now in its new building of concrete, glass, marble chips, its fluted, elongated columns reflected in a pool. . . . In Germany, the new name for the carved accents of the radio announcers selling detergents: Oxford-Deutsch. . . . The Italian movie *The Eye of the Needle*, another jab at Sicilian honour, the Mafia, and justice, with Vittorio Gassman, Annette Stroyberg, and Nino Castelnuovo all part of a game that manages to be usually funny and brutal.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Diahann Carroll, the singular rope of her voice, her proud head, her beautiful, highlighted skin when she sang recently at New York's Plaza Hotel. . . . *Max*, by David Cecil who has written an eccentric, sometimes tame biography of Max Beerbohm, that puzzling genius with this curious attitude towards women: "Max did not actually require women to be stupid. But he did think that a strenuous, trained, masculine-style brain was incompatible with feminine charm. He liked women partly because he could relax with them. It was impossible, he found, to relax with a woman of powerful intellect."

DAVID WARNER, A TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD GENIUS

"He is English, has a northern accent, yellow hair, and the longest legs often encased in tight black velvet pants and high, pointed boots. He is extraordinary—a genius—one of the most intelligent actors we've ever seen . . . and he studies," said Cecil Beaton of David Warner, *opposite*, who is now working up to playing Hamlet with the Royal Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon this summer. (He can look like either a romantic hero or a portrait by Francis Bacon.) Born at Manchester, trained at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, Warner has been enveloped by fame. "Success," he said, "strips you bare. I'm like a naked apple." He lives alone, goes alone to a Stratford pub, the Dirty Duck, envies actors rich enough to be married, is shy with everyone but Royalty. Usually protesting that he is too shy to meet anyone, he told a friend that he hadn't been too shy at lunch with the Queen, where the other guests included a barrister, a solicitor, and the Duchess of Kent. At a London supper party he arrived punctually in blue jersey and black pants, walked up to Princess Margaret and said, "You're the only person I know here."





BALENCIAGA

BY VIOLETTE LEDUC

now the literary flame of Paris for her autobiography, La Bâtarde. *In one part of that book she confesses the passion with which haute couture inspired her when she began in fashion journalism. Since Balenciaga had bewitched her, she returned after more than twenty years to his salon with the gilt chairs. From that visit she has brought back this amazing poem.*

A jobbing dressmaker in a village in the foothills of the Alps was rolling up festoons and ribbons of cotton material, scraps left over from the pinafore of Pascal Aphraniusse, aged twenty-nine months. Midday was ringing from the grilled belfry of the church tower, more soberly than yesterday because it was hotter. The door opened of its own accord: summer drove in the heat as winter drives in a snowstorm. The dressmaker knelt down and picked up the pins while a small girl, standing on tiptoe, took a plate of salmon out of the icebox. A young man entered, bringing in with him the scent of the limes in the avenue. His face, framed in his long hair, wore the radiance of one who has just made an escape. He was clutching his elbow in his hand and panting. Was he wounded? He regained his breath, then he approached the table. The whole village turned pale as his fingers unfolded. The young man dropped a leaf of holly in the plate of smoked salmon.

"Who is it?" asked the dressmaker from under the table.

She was speaking with pins between her lips; her voice sounded like a buzz.

The young man had long ago fled, still clutching his elbow in his hand. I too went up to the table. I forgot the measurements I had to give, the flannelette under my arm on a July day, the pattern inside the fabric. Hard and contracted, the little holly leaf, in spite of its claws. its varnish, the robustness of its colour, was yielded up to us naked—I could see its nakedness under a microscope—abandoned by the hirsute juniper, its neighbour in the forest.

"Leave it alone!" I cried, gripping the child's wrist.

The holly leaf is a model of endurance and fidelity. It was resting from the snow, the sun, the rain, the frost—on pink, on orange, since smoked salmon is the most ambiguous of tender colours.

"Who was it?" asked the dressmaker again.

She was spitting out her pins into the metal bowl as she talked belatedly about this young man who had vanished into a grating hell of cicadas. At that moment, the child flung a sheaf of knives, forks, and spoons on the table, and the dressmaker approached it in turn. The holly leaf wearied her with its pinpoints.

"Throw that away!" she said to the child.

I glared at the dressmaker, shooting daggers at her. She lowered her head and rubbed her hands on her white bodice. I was murdering her so that I could go on looking at a jewel on the flesh of a fish and it was she who was washing her hands. Outside, the cicadas stopped singing. They helped to deliver me with their silence which was like a blow in the face, but one has to speak to be delivered.

"Balenciaga," I said, articulating every syllable. That name, which had been lodged in my mind for over twenty years without my uttering it, returned to my lips as a bird returns to its nest. To rediscover something one has not lost is to feel the breath of a newborn lamb on the nape of one's neck. I had entered Balenciaga's in 1941 as a guilty fashion reporter, knowing nothing about cut or draping. Now the name of Balenciaga was a sheepfold in the house of a jobbing dressmaker in a village in the foothills of the Alps. What were twenty years of absence, of silence, of remoteness? The bunch of rosebuds on the extinguished cook-stove. I pronounced the name of Balenciaga more slowly, I wounded the woman and child a second time: I spoke a foreign language to them, there was nothing for it but to turn on my heels. . . .

I ran through the village dead of heat at one in the afternoon. With both hands I was clutching a suit of armour, invented by myself. Sheltered, protected, kept cool; the ambiguous colour of the smoked salmon and the positive colour of the holly leaf accompanied me, nevermore to leave me, to remind me of what I most admire in couture. Why a suit of armour? To imprison what changes, passes, is constantly demolished: fashion and its subtle refinements.

I enter Balenciaga's two years after the incident I have recounted; the doorman terrifies me as he terrified me in 1941. He is not the same one, he has grown younger, that is life. I am frightened of being judged by doormen. I am emptied out as a sack of dust is emptied out if I brush against their uniforms. Their gloves petrify me: their gloves have swallowed up their fingers. They press the button of the elevator, I tremble; they are experts who play too efficiently on the keyboard of mechanical inventions. The carpet of the salon is already welcoming me, inviting me, encouraging me to recover.

I arrive in Balenciaga's salon; the carpet has not changed in twenty-three years. It is the same cloudless sky beneath my feet. I sit down on the gilt chair, I am alone, perched lightly on my seat, tense with eagerness, chill with apprehension. I would gladly fly away before the presentation. I can go; I do not go. I take refuge in my imitation fur collar of nylon as I used to take refuge twenty years earlier in my mangy, beloved rabbit coat. The less confident I feel, the more I stew in my sweat. Everything is false because I do not know when the change began while I was waiting for the collection. I turned my head, I realized that I was where I ought to be. Paris offers me her sheaf of grey colours; Paris presents her countenance of chimneys, antennae, roofs, gutters, and leaded skylights to me through the meshes of a veil, like a painting by Seurat. Let us sigh, let us languish with melancholy, let us listen to the gilt chairs ranked three deep. They talk to me of melomaniacs, of arpeggios on harpsichords, of drops of music falling down like draperies. I slip away, I plunge deep into the mists of Villennes and Nogent, I remember my interior poverty, my trepidation when I came to Balenciaga's in 1941. I have not changed; I am afraid of what is going to be beyond me. Three clients, three dragons, install themselves without disturbing me; the lawn of wool separates us.

I start awake, as at the crack of a whip. (Continued on page 142)

CRISTOBAL BALENCIAGA, 1965



THE DINNER DRESS:
GLAZED BLACK LINEN

WILLIAM KLEIN

BALENCIAGA



Black linen, opposite: Balenciaga turns to black linen for dinner, and one cloth becomes a decree. Marvellous for all the warm evenings springing to summer, a high-front overblouse crosses low in back, falling loosely over a slim short skirt. Dress and silk twill cape dotted pink on black, at I. Magnin. Yellow satin crêpe, right: The most breathtaking moment of Balenciaga's collection—intense Seville yellow sculptured by gravity. The surplice bolero drops back in a wide court train, serene over the strapless dress which furls to the body in ardent lustre. Evening dress and bolero, at I. Magnin.

This collection takes the eye with its surpassing beauty—revealed in cloth, revealed in line. Navy-blue coats, belted low or martingaled over white linen dresses, show inches of white at the bobbed hems. White cotton-and-jute coats are woven like wicker: a summer net-work. Tattersall appears slim, reappears raglan. Black linen, in an enchanting paradox, becomes *the* summer dinner dress. Yellow lace startles white satin crêpe. A silver spiral of lamé stirs unbelief. Over each evening dress—a shawl or stole, no two alike. Sculpture and volution reign, as cloth imbued with motion is wrapped, crushed, loosed in spontaneous flow. Enfolding the body in the enduring beauty of a goddess.

THE EVENING DRESS:
YELLOW SATIN CRÊPE



GIVENCHY-DRESSES CRUSHED TO THE BODY

Black-and-white silk pulled up through the midriff and tied, left—a small, perfect, tiny-sleeved jacket for a small perfect dress with no sleeves, no collar, gathered skirt. Of Léonard silk twill. Worn—with a yellow straw casque—by Sra. Moreira-Salles, mother of three little boys; possessor of dark, vibrant good looks, black-satin hair; and a swift, gay, enchantingly sibilant voice that radiates enjoyment, draws like a good fire. Gathers of black shantung, right, held by a jewel at the bosom . . . drawn up over the shoulders . . . down on the back in two bias ends . . . crossed and sashed. Fabric by Petillault. Both dresses in America at I. Magnin.

This collection—a dream. Springy, romantic . . . fascinating. No tricks. Nothing worked on. Pure dressmaking-miracles of pulling and wrapping and gathering . . . of cloth used in the smallest, narrowest, lightest way . . . simply crushed to the body and held, with the least possible cutting and sewing. . . . Delicious asymmetric blouses enclosed discreetly under suit-jackets, revealing one bare shoulder when the jacket is off—a memorable one-shoulder garden of taupe organza flowers worn with a pale-blue linen suit, pink straw hat. . . . Colour, as always, in full, ravishing blossom: all blues . . . pale jade . . . the pink of japonica, of geranium, of the inside and outside of roses. A little rounded suit like a bright coral flame in smooth, dry wool. Lots of navy blue and brass buttons. Tattersall on for day—a smasher of a coat, tight white tweed overlaid in navy Tattersall; gores and moulding at the waist covered by a shiny brown belt, achieving a look of narrow natural roundness and spring. . . . One-and-one-quarter-inch belts of shiny plastic throughout—fake tortoise-shell catchy and new on jackets, coats . . . white patent belt on a floating white evening dress printed in orange and yellow. . . . Big return of Gazar at night, with a beautiful rounded quality made by folding. Masses of linen -glazed, too heavy to crush—the surprise and joy of Givenchy evenings.

SRA. WALTHER MOREIRA-SALLES IN GIVENCHY'S CRUSHED SILK FOR SPRING

WILLIAM KLEIN



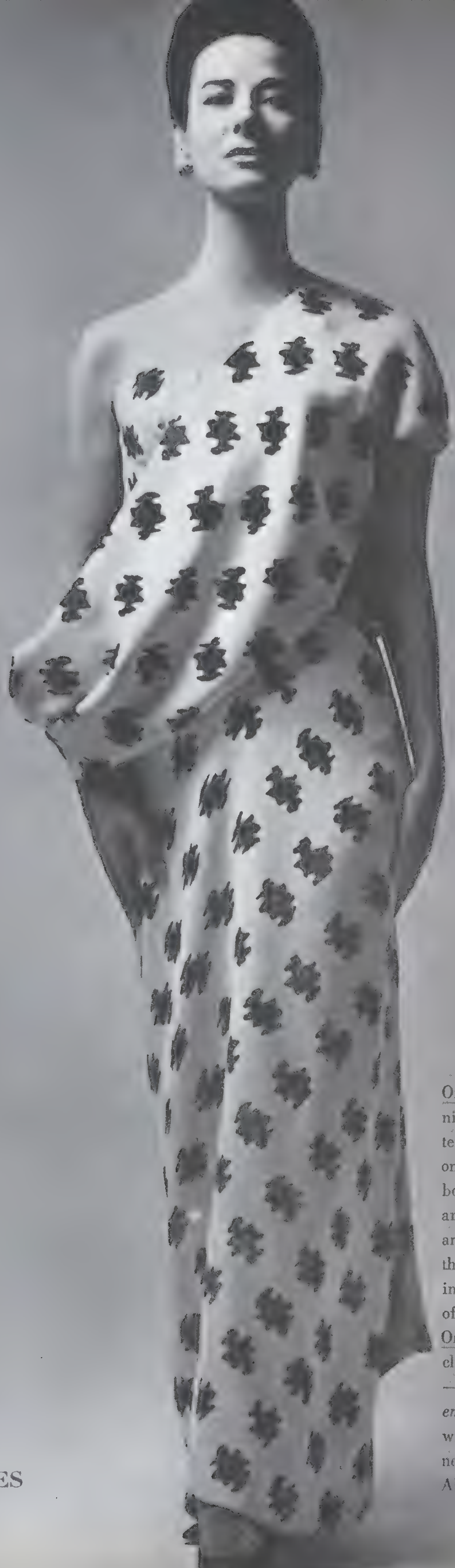
GIVENCHY–LINEN
AT NIGHT WORN BY
SRA. UMBERTO AGNELLI



GIVENCHY—ROMANCE OF LACE ROSES WORN BY SRA. WALTHER MOREIRA-SALLES

Linen at night, left, cuffed on the hip in embroidered jewels and turquoise-blue lozenges — a heavy, glazed, white-porcelain beauty of a dress that flows, never flutters, to a tiny fishtail...lovely little sleeves cut from the long-waisted top. Simonnot-Godard linen. Worn by Sra. Umberto Agnelli, a dark, tall, strongly beautiful young woman with masses of thick mahogany hair and the lithe springy grace of a true sportswoman. Roman by birth, Sra. Agnelli lives now, with her husband and small son, in Paris; dresses mainly at the couture, with side dips to Portofino for bikinis; America for maillots and blue jeans. All roses, all pinks, right—the most deliciously romantic evening dress imaginable. Fuchsia lace mounted transparently on white satin, with roses quivering everywhere in every mouthwatering tone of pink — palest mauve to deepest fuchsia. Strapless under a bare little film of jacket, blown out over the back. Gubert & Gubert lace. Worn — and adored — by Sra. Moreira-Salles, who ordered it for herself. Dresses on both pages, in America at I. Magnin. Both coiffures by Alexandre.

WILLIAM KLEIN



GIVENCHY—
THE ASYMMETRIC LOOK WORN BY SRA. MOREIRA-SALLES

One shoulder covered, left: Sensational strapless evening dress—all pull and fall and crushing of silk, sheltered on the side by a soft double ring of bias that loops on the wrist. Brown-on-white silk caught under the bosom by a pin of grey and white pearls... pulled around the waist, into the back... then up on the hip and tied, sending a current of oblique folds racing to the ground. Worn—with very smooth hair and a ravishing length of neck—by Sra. Moreira-Salles. Costume of silk crêpe by Staron. I. Magnin. Coiffure: Alexandre. One shoulder bared, opposite, and rounded, supple, clinging shape magically pulled out of a piece of cloth —the recurrent Givenchy dream theme stated *tout ensemble* for day. Twilled brown-and-white silk . . . wrapped, tied on the hip . . . asymmetric slash of bareness revealed under an oval-back jacket. Fabric by Abraham. Dress and jacket, in America at I. Magnin.

WILLIAM KLEIN





The smock for day, left, in blue silk shantung —narrow, fluid, soft. A high yoke dropped slightly over the shoulders...long shirt-cuffed sleeves. At the front, a folded stitched plastron with a bow and buttons. Dress by St. Laurent, of Brossin de Méré fabric. At I. Magnin. The short belted smock, right, wrist-length over a narrow skirt, the leather belt moved up to the ribcage. Navy-blue silk shantung with oval neck, shirt-sleeves. By St. Laurent; Brossin de Méré fabric. At I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. Hats: printed turbans under cartwheel brims.

This collection—completely dressmaking. Great subtlety and finish. Fresh, pretty, very very feminine. Small long sleeves, small armholes...gazelle proportions. Marvellous unsmocked smocks for day and evening—floating from high yokes, high round necks. Quite narrow to the sides of the body...but flou, fluid, blowy. Suit with hip-slung skirts. A grey tweed coat with a low black belt. Oval-seamed capes in pumice-stone or greige tweed over absolutely straight jersey dresses in cream, ivory, cheese —using these tonalities *en famille*. Evening smocks straight to the ground, of delicious brilliant Persian prints, large prints, with accompanying coats. For pizazz: a cape of black and white ostrich feathers over a black and white ostrich dress with a blazing diamanté yoke.

WILLIAM KLEIN

ST. LAURENT–
THE SMOCK FOR DAY

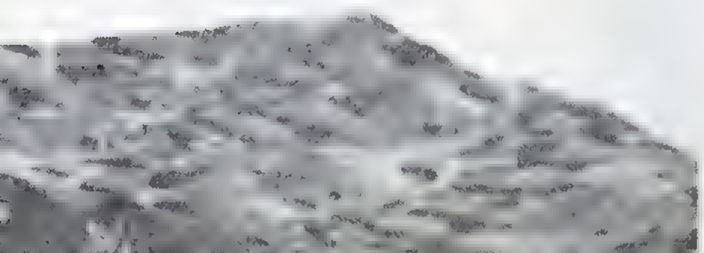




ST. LAURENT—
THE EVENING SMOCK



The smock brilliant, in Persian-printed silk, opposite—unsmocked, utterly simple, a devastating pageantry of ochre, deep enamel blue, green, white, shades of pink, vivid on a background of black. Oval smock neckline, high yoke, long narrow cuffed sleeves. The long coat of the same print, with small shoulders, a flared hem. By St. Laurent, of Brossin de Méré silk. At I. Magnin. Shoes by Roger Vivier. The evening smock in chocolate-brown and white, right—a combination that makes some of the smartest Paris prints this spring. The shape here, soft, narrow, blowy, gathered to a high smock-yoke; the print, art nouveau and beautifully sprawling. Completing the fluid precision, a marvellous long coat of the same print, not shown here. By St. Laurent, of Abraham silk surah. Dress, at I. Magnin.



WILLIAM KLEIN



CARDIN—THE BIAS IDEA



Cardin bias—young, moving, put together like handkerchiefs on the body—adding ripples of excitement to this season's wave of one-piece dresses. Double ruffles, left, poufed into action at the hem of a red-and-green plaid taffeta dress...an ascot tie flipped up at the nape of the neck...long sleek sleeves to the wrist—all on the bias. The charming little Cardin roller: navy-blue straw worn right on the back of the head. Taffeta by Chatillon. Fling of bias kerchief, far left, in red-white-and-blue plaid drawstrung over the bodice of a short, straight dress...vertical pockets on the hip-bone . . . blue-chip buttons neck to waist. Kislav white leather gloves. Four little pieces of bias, right, in sand-coloured wool. The perfect young shape at Cardin—absolutely simple, touching the figure here and there. Worn with a huge, brimmy schoolgirl hat of natural straw banded in broad grosgrain ribbon. The dress, of fabric by Gérondeau. Bone-coloured gloves by Kislav. Carita coiffures.

WILLIAM KLEIN

Soft crêpe tunics moving supplely over the body...always pretty, never prettier than at Dior this year. Here, pale as the inside of shells, in lengths through evening. White crêpe tunic dress, left, with a new Dior sleeve—long and easy, set high on the shoulder with deep armholes...masses of bright green beads filling the discreet little teardrop slit at the neck...a sash holding the waist. A small silk Zamor turban wraps the head. Dress of Abraham silk crêpe. In America at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. The smock-tunic in pale-turquoise crêpe, below, over a short hobbled underskirt falling in folds at the knee. With tiny tucks and a teardrop slit buttoned at the neck, long sleeves tucked on narrow rounded bands. Dress of Léonard crêpe. In America at I. Magnin. Long hobbled skirt and tunic, opposite—in palest pink crêpe printed with huge white flowers—a ravishingly pretty way to look, evenings. The narrow sleeveless tunic slips lightly over the body, stops above the knee showing a graceful curve of underskirt. Of Abraham silk crêpe. In America at I. Magnin. Coiffures, both pages, by Alexandre.



dior—THE TUNIC DRESS

WILLIAM KLEIN





SCHEHERAZADERIE



The fascination never stops . . . and it's new again in this year's fashion . . . the lure of Eastern seraglios and Arab nights; of the Sweet Waters of Asia—the Sea of Marmara, the Bosporus, and the Golden Horn; of Delacroix's North Africa with its splendid diaphanous skies, a light that's pink and orange and silvery. . . . The exuberant colours of Bakst and Poiret—orange and restless amaranth, potent pinks and yellows, porcelain blues and greens. Colour on colour, texture on texture, pattern on pattern. . . . The powerful implication of languor; gauzy chemises, fluent robes, and *chalwar* trousers worn against the most delicate skins . . . bodies slender but rounded with high, arched bosoms . . . small finely moulded feet laden with jewels. . . . The odalisque attitudes of Matisse. . . . Kohl around the eyes, the undiluted scents of rose, patchouli, ambergris, and musk. . . . It's all here, deliciously translated in the modern idiom of at-home clothes, clothes for *la vie privée*, immediate, contemporary, with all the indolent grace of Turquerie to charm the sheik at home.

FAROUCHE PRINTS.... GREAT RINGS.... A CASCADE OF ROSES.... KHALKHAL ANKLE BRACELETS TO DISCOURAGE RUNNING AWAY

Away from the Sultan's harem . . . or at
any rate that was the original idea;
the present point is to
stay at home as reigning favourite
in billowy *chalwar* trousers—vivid yellow,
fuchsia, and green—with a slashed
blouse of pink, blue, and olive on
white, worn over a shirt of
white cotton eyelet. By Salvador Morrel;
of Gourdon silk. At Bonwit Teller;
organdie cap by Adolfo.
Ropes of pearls by Marvella.
Bracelets by Fabiola. Ankle bracelets by
Robert Originals. Belt by Ben-King.
Rings by Richelieu; Joseph Warner;
Cadoro; Fabiola. Fingernails on
these pages gilded with
Dorothy Gray Rogue's Gold nail enamel.



SCHEHERAZADERIE: TINY TURBAN TRAILING ERMINE TAILS.... THICKLY ENCRUSTED TAJ.... GAUZY CAFTANS VEILING VOLUMINOUS CHALWAR TROUSERS.... TORRENTS OF JEWELS....

The lure of the seraglio, *far left:* Languishing under a velvet-edged organza caftan the colour of Turkish coffee —a halter drenched in beads and voluminous *chalwar* trousers of vermilion crêpe (Celanese acetate and rayon). *Babouche* slippers with turned-up toes, by Marimekko at Design Research. Cap by Mr. John. Castlecliff necklaces. Arpad bracelets. *Near left:* Rakish tilt of *taj*, long ropes of pearls, a gauzy ribbon-striped silk caftan over a *chalwar* suit of white silk. Caftan: Orceyre fabric. Both costumes by Eric Lund for Branell. Richelieu bogus pearls. Robert Originals bracelets. Cap by Sally Victor. Traditional Moroccan maquillage: triangles of rouge, dotted in black.



SCHEHERAZADERIE AT HOME: BLAZING SCIMITARS OF COLOUR.... TRANSPARENT LAYERS OF ALLURE.... A MOROCCAN MAQUILLAGE—KOHL-BLACK DOTS AND VERMILION BLUSHES

Blazing scimitars of colour, *far left,* sashed over silk *tom-bon* pyjamas tapering at wrist and ankle. By Lucie Ann, of Onondaga silk. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Fabiola ring. Feet encased in supple *babouches;* by Degas, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Mr. John turban, with an aigrette plume caught in a glitter of rhinestones; pin by Schreiner. Transparent layers of silk, *near left.* Paisleyed caftan wafted over a flower-sprigged pink blouse . . . legs veiled with gauzy plaid *chalwar.* By Perfect. Caftan and blouse of Sheraton-TSM fabric. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Sally Victor's tiny leopard turban, spilling golden booty down a *haik* veil. Napier earrings. Rings by Castlecliff; Joseph Warner; Richelieu. Ankles held in golden *khalkhal;* by Mimi di N. The makeup here and on the two preceding pages: an impression of a Moroccan bride's maquillage.





THE EXOTIC AND THE EROTIC

BY LESLEY BLANCH

Exoticism and eroticism are apt to be confounded, or at any rate linked, by the West. Cushioned divans, harem alcoves, the perfumes of Arabia. For us the scene is set for high passions. But for the East it is, or was, merely the setting for everyday life, for as Gérard de Nerval wrote: "In the East, they strive to awaken the senses, while we seek to extinguish them." I suppose the whole essence of my theme is contained in that moment when Cleopatra (I think of Shakespeare's heroine rather than M.G.M.'s) floated in her gilded barge, dissolved a pearl in wine and drank to Mark Antony, her love. Not that this could be considered daily life, even on the wildest shores of love; but all we imagine of the exotic and the erotic is there—beauty, love, fancy dress—adding an extravagant setting to match a reckless gesture rousing the highest passions. So, too, is the mood conjured by the legend of Queen Thamar, which inspired Lermontov's verses, Balakirev's symphonic poem, and the ballet first performed by Diaghilev's Ballet Russe—the Ballet which engendered a tidal wave of Orientalism in high fashion before World War I.

Thamar's setting is a castle deep in a forbidding Caucasian gorge, and there, with savage *volupté*, she waves her blood-red scarf, luring the stranger-lovers to that fatal embrace. But perhaps in the Caucasus this might seem an unremarkable episode, for exoticism, like beauty, must always lie in the eye of the beholder.

To us, Turkish minarets and the old yalis, or princely establishments, with their harems overhanging the Bosporus seem the dew-dropping south incarnate. Yet to the Greeks, Turkey was politically and climatically harsh, and they called it "the Land Beyond the North Wind." Then, Persians found nothing particularly exotic in their custom of (Continued on page 109)

SCHEHERAZADERIE AT HOME: ALL SOFTNESS AND VOLUPTÉ.... SUCCULENT TURBANS STABBED WITH ROYAL AIGRETTE PLUMES.... PLIANT WRISTS.... FINGERS TIPPED IN GOLD

Delicious white eyelet bodice, *far left,* with modest little ties over a glimmer of bareness, sleeves like sheer handkerchiefs over the wrists... striped, ballooning *chalwar* wrapped on the waist. In a diamanté belt: bundles of ermine tails, swags of pearls, a jewelled dagger glinting wickedly. Samuel Ehrman cotton eyelet; Galey & Lord striped cotton. Ben-King belt. Richelieu bogus pearls. Robert Originals turban pin. Rings: Castlecliff; Arpad; Joseph Warner. Taj of India *babouche* slippers. *Left:* Shaped and small, a *spahi* jacket of vivid stripes... *chalwar* of foaming green chiffon. Galey & Lord striped cotton. *Babouches* by Marimekko: Design Research. Necklaces: Hattie Carnegie; Joseph Warner. Robert Originals bracelets. Costumes: Dominic for Matty Talmack. Bonwit Teller (far left, also Neiman-Marcus). Adolfo turbans.

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enlivening the long pauses between each course at a feast by handing around a basketful of kittens—Persian kittens in jewelled collars, which no doubt mewed, scratched, spat, nestled, or scampered about, upsetting the sherbet ewers and ripping the brocaded robes, but certainly providing distraction. Yet, to us, such a notion is as fabulous as that of the Padishah who lit the seraglio gardens by means of slow-moving tortoises, each carrying a lighted candle attached to its shell, or again, that Maharajah whose princely house continues the ritual of awakening its ruler to special songs of sunrise, and lulling him to sleep with songs of nightfall. The crooning of our radio, however dulcet, does not seem at all the same thing.

Nevertheless, exoticism is now ardently pursued. Never has the Oriental idiom been so calculated, so abandoned, or so widespread. (For in the heyday of Diaghilev and Bakst, with Poiret's passionate tea gowns, it remained a limited vogue.)

Today, interior decoration is as extravagantly voluptuous as Scheherazade's alcove, and in this setting women adorn themselves like odalisques and trail about the house in floating gauzes, baggy pantalons, and the splendid caftans of the harem, feet bare or thrust into Turkish slippers, eyes painted in the bold stylization of Pharoah's daughters. But just how far will the Oriental idiom obsess us? The latitudes and longitudes of fashion are subject to no ruling; and, in passing, note that the Indian surma and Arab kohl which ring the eyes of the East (both men and women) are first used as protection against the sun's rays rather than for maquillage. The best kohl is made from pulverized bats, but let's not dwell on that. Back to our factory-fresh eyeliners.

Those gazelle-eyed Persian charmers we see on the old papier-mâché boxes or in court portraits of the Kajar dynasty are always represented with beetle-brows meeting across long, long noses. It was a mark of beauty; but among *le tout Téhéran* (an elegant Westernized milieu) eyebrows are now plucked and many noses are bobbed to an incongruous but charming tilt. One older statesman confided to me that he sometimes regretted the beetle-brows of yesteryear. In his youth, he said, women who could boast a downy little moustache were passionately admired, and some ladies pencilled them in hopefully.

Returning to the Scheherazaderies of Manhattan, barbaric jewellery (all but the nose ring) is worn in sumptuous excess, while strange and delicious foods, pappadums and couscous, sesame seeds and pomegranate juice, are served. (Pomegranates were the fruit of Eden, say the Arabs.) Raki-on-the-rocks, unlike bourbon or beer, is in tune with the new exoticism. And in Paris Dior's recent collection included maharajah coats, colours, and turbans.

This, at a moment when the East, turning resolutely towards the West, buttons itself into boots and suits, and its women cast aside their veils to wear tweeds, vote, and go in for organized sports. How such reversals will turn out no one knows.

Yet, behind the façade of Orientalism, the superficial setting for dalliance, the trappings and colours of the East, spiced pinks, curried yellows, and a whole gamme of Persian peacock blues there lies a deeper stratum of which the West knows little, but which, however subconsciously, I believe it now desires. This is stillness. Perhaps some half-formed craving for this immobility which the Arab world knows as *kef* draws us. That essential climate of voluptuous repose derives from an innate knowledge of how to do nothing—absolutely nothing—about the passing of time. Heresy, you say, (Continued on page 111)



SCHEHERAZADERIE AT HOME: KOHLED EYES FRAMED IN VEILING.... CLOUDS OF MIMOSA PUFFED ON THE LEGS.... PAMPERED SERAGLIO FEET HELD IN CHOPINES .... TREMBLING WITH JEWELS

A Bosporus garden of silk-brocade flowers, *far left*, espaliered against the body . . . décolletage masked in jewels . . . very long, tight, beautiful sleeves. Pantalons of embroidered organza lace, like dense clouds of mimosa banked with satin leg-bands.
Arnold Scaasi Custom Made Collection. Staron brocade;
Whelan lace. Mimi di N pin. Necklaces: Richelieu; Joseph Warner.
Chopine sandals with tapestry flowers, by Evins. *Left*, ravishing little veil of tunic in gold Chantilly lace . . . violet ribbon under the bosom. Diaphanous organza *chalwar*, turning motion into a tempest of yellows and violet. By Sarmi. Bonwit Teller. Arpad bracelets.
Rings: Fabiola; Richelieu; Joseph Warner. Ankle bracelet: Robert Originals.
Turbans—plumed organdie, veiled organza—by Adolfo.

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for the West has, by centuries of brisk discipline, been inculcated with the necessity of catching time on the wing. Thus, pressurized, many Westerners have come to rely on pep pills, followed by tranquillizers, and take lessons on how to relax or spend the rare leisure hours. But for the East, there is still *kef*, that magic, indefinable state, part contemplation, part nothingness, an end in itself, a way of passing an hour, or a whole way of life.

Then, too, Western women, looking so eagerly East, may subconsciously be aware of Stendhal's dictum that it is in "the half-light of the Bedouin Arab tent that we must seek the model and the land of true love." And although the black goat's hair of the Bedouin tent has little enough in common with the outward vagaries of fashion, there is a link.

This is, first, the return to *la vie intérieure*. Like the belief that woman's place is the home, this is a fundamental Oriental conception too long absent from our ideology. Once this is accepted, it follows that both the home and the woman acquire a special interdependence, complementing each other, creating together this enclosed, intimate world of beauty and deliberate withdrawal. Pierre Loti, the most subjective of all Orientalists, from the shelter of his Circassian mistresses' arms in a hideout in Constantinople, called it *le bien-être égoïste du chez-soi:* roughly, the self-centred bliss of one's own home.

In the East, this sense is very highly developed and. variously expressed, found in all strata of society. In the palaces of the Moghul Emperors, fretted marble screens and inner courts and labyrinths of jewel-encrusted alabaster alternately reveal and withhold, but always glorify the setting of the woman, the *zenana*—secret heart of the rose. Although we are told woman was regarded as a chattel or slave, she was presented and, I believe, saw herself as a goddess—dispenser of joys.

Money has little to do with the creation of this special ambience—it is first an attitude of mind, exemplified as well in a lean-to hut below the walls of old Delhi, where I remember watching a graceful girl sitting on a string-slung charpoy, or bedstead, awaiting a lover, or husband, who returned to her each afternoon. She would pin a great golden sweet-smelling Champa flower in her hair and garland the little waxy image of Kama (the Hindu god of love) (Continued on page 143)

SCHEHERAZADERIE: RIPE-MELON LIPS GLEAMING MOISTLY.... GAUZY WHITE KUFIYAH BLOWING AROUND THE HEAD.... STRIPED CAFTAN

Till the sands of the desert grow cold, a
more enchanting look than this might not be seen. . . .
The *kufiyah*, the Arab desert headdress, made here of white cotton
organdie—light and blowy as the wind; drawn over a
tall *tarboosh*. . . . Mouth gleaming with ripe
melon-red. . . . This part of the enchantment is done with
a new djinn-like lipstick formula, UltraLucent Creme Lipstick,
in Melon Red—one of a series of fresh, juicy
colours. Veiling the skin lightly, with the effect
of natural colour showing through: UltraLucent Fluid Makeup,
in Creme Glow. Both, by Max Factor. . . . The striped
caftan—long, flowing, deep-sleeved, blue and
white with a red border—is marvellous to wear around
your own tent; by Dorian-Macksoud, of cotton voile. At Henri
Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings by Les Bernard at
Bergdorf Goodman. Headdress by Mr. John; also
at Nan Duskin; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.

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"PORTRAIT DE LA COMTESSE MARIE DE COVENTRY," PASTEL BY JEAN ÉTIENNE LIOTARD, 1749

DÉPÔT DE LA FONDATION GOTTFRIED KELLER AU MUSÉE D'ART ET D'HISTOIRE, GENEVA

LIOTARD: THE PAINTER WHO DREW THE TRUTH FROM THE MYTHIC EAST

IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY THE SWISS PAINTER JEAN ÉTIENNE LIOTARD RECORDED PRECISELY, ENCHANTINGLY, THE REAL "TURQUERIE."

BY FRANÇOIS FOSCA

The most original and beguiling picture of the Middle East as it was in the eighteenth century was given by the painter Jean Étienne Liotard, whose pictures have a superlative accuracy. His Middle East has none of the factitious and approximate quality of the *turqueries* of other French eighteenth-century painters, who depicted turbaned sultans and the inmates of their harems solely because these subjects were in style. It is not the voluptuous country of the Abbé Voisenon, the French storyteller, the ingenuous fairy-tale land of Conte Carlo Gozzi, or the domain of fantastic cruelty described in the *Vathek* of William Beckford.

At the same time Liotard's exactness and fidelity have nothing commonplace and conventional about them. His importance lies, above all, in an originality which stemmed quite naturally from his love of truth. In a century when painters made an easygoing and amiable effort to please, he abjured facility and seduction. Heedless of convention and fashion, he applied himself to portraying things as they were, in terms of form and light. We have only to compare his pastels to those of La Tour and Perroneau to see how he differed from them and how far he departed from the preconceived ideas of eighteenth-century painting.

In his age Liotard stood quite alone. In the clean lines and precision of his drawing and the skill of his lighting he can be compared to Vermeer and Degas, or else to Ingres and Holbein. I am not saying that he was their equal, but he was of their kind. Instead of conforming tc the taste of the time, he said what he wanted to say, in the only manner which seemed to him true. Without being a rebel, he was a ferocious independent.

Jean Étienne Liotard was born in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1702 and moved to Paris at the age of twenty-one as an apprentice painter. In 1735 he went to Italy, and three years later sailed from Naples to Constantinople aboard the "Clifton" in the company of the Honourable William Ponsonby, who became the second Earl of Bessborough, and three other Englishmen. On the way, the "Clifton" stopped at the Greek islands of (Continued on next page)



"FEMME TURQUE ET SON ESCLAVE," PASTEL
MUSÉE D'ART ET D'HISTOIRE, GENEVA

LIOTARD, THE PAINTER WHO RECORDED THE REAL "TURQUERIE."

Melos, Antiparos, Paros, and Chios, where the heavily madeup women with their free-and-easy ways and gay laughter exercised an immediate fascination upon the passengers.

Many travellers of the time reported on the dissolute manners of the ports of call of the Aegean Sea and the west coast of Asia Minor. "Pretty and easy going," wrote Comte Anne Claude de Caylus of the women of Lesbos. "The women do nothing but knit cotton stockings and make love," Joseph de Tournefort wrote of Kimolos, one of the Cyclades, and Monsieur d'Orves of the French navy confirmed the opinion of this island: "Much dancing and lovemaking were all that we saw." Westerners travelling without their legitimate spouses set up "a wife in every port," to whom they made repeated visits. These arrangements did not prevent them from having passing affairs with fugitive slave girls or Turkish women who had escaped from their harems.

The mixture of Moslems, Greeks, Frenchmen, and Italians afforded Liotard a motley and colourful spectacle which could not fail to enchant him. He seems to have been particularly attracted by the women's clothes, for at every port he disembarked and made black- or red-chalk drawings of as many as would pose for him.

How charming were the women of the Greek islands and Smyrna! How painstakingly Liotard rendered their short skirts and embroidered blouses, their clear-cut features and immense dark eyes, even going so far as to scribble on the margin of one of his drawings: "skirt with red edging, and red stockings embroidered in gold"! He jotted down the women's names as well, in order to remind himself of their exotic sound: at Paros, Signora Lenetta Shepri; at Chios, Madame (Continued on page 148)



"FILEUSE TURQUE," PENCIL AND SANGUINE

CABINET DES DESSINS DU MUSÉE DU LOUVRE



"A TURK SEATED," COLOURED CHALK

THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON





"WILLIAM PONSONBY, SECOND EARL OF BESSBOROUGH," OIL

THE EARL OF BESSBOROUGH PRIVATE COLLECTION



"UNE DAME FRANQUE DE PÉRA À CONSTANTINOPLE," PASTEL

MUSÉE D'ART ET D'HISTOIRE, GENEVA

"JOHN MONTAGU, FOURTH EARL OF SANDWICH," OIL

THE EARL OF SANDWICH COLLECTION

THE TWO WORLDS OF MME. TAMY TAZI

A sloe-eyed beauty with pale skin and dark hair, Mme. Tamy Tazi lives between Morocco's esoteric past and its charged present. Usually she dresses *à la Parisienne;* and occasionally—in her own revolutionary way—*à la Marocaine*. By daring to slim the lines and remove the sleeves, Mme. Tazi changed the caftan to a linear sheath, which she wears, *left*, at her contemporary house in Casablanca. At Tazi Palace in Rabat, Mme. Tazi, *right*, blazons her caftan, made of a sari, with emerald-and-gold Fassi jewels, wears it with an Arabic gold diadem, reserved for festivals, weddings, and christenings. Here, she is shown in a pool pavilion, a *folie* of mirrored walls, mosaics, and stained panes that glimmer.

HENRY CLARKE





THE TWO WORLDS OF MME. TAMY TAZI

Exotic, "belonging, as a flower, to another part of the world," Tamy Tazi is all femininity, gracefulness, and mystery. Her beauty is that of an alert iridescent bird that could fly away at any moment; her life, her personality, and most of her clothes are exuberantly part of the present. Educated at the University of Granada, she speaks Spanish, French, English, and Arabic. With her husband, M. Jalil Tazi, an industrialist, she travels to America, the Orient, and to Spain, for summers at Marbella. There Mme. Tazi sometimes wears a white, woollen, hooded djellaba as an evening coat over a Paris dress.

Vivid, international, totally aware of the world they live in, the Tazis are young Morocco. Their new Casablanca house, "part Japanese, part Californian, part Moroccan," was designed as a brilliant frame for objects collected everywhere. From Tokyo, a stone garden temple and ideas for the bamboo-decorated gate and the scalloped red-tiled roof. From California, the low-slung look, the sliding glass living-room walls opening to the aquamarine pool in an Andalusian garden of pepper trees. From Morocco, the pleasurable room of banquettes and copper tray-tables for the perpetual ritual of the tea, where, brewed in silver urns, green tea, highly sugared and mint-sprigged, is served in rose-tinted glasses. Unique to this house, and rare to Morocco, is the dining room, with its carved antique furniture brought from Spain by the Moors. There the Tazis eat in European rather than Arab fashion.

At their parties—often for twenty to forty friends—Mme. Tazi might wear a Dior dress or one of her caftans, her eyes marked with kohl, her bee-waist belted in jewels. Like a museum of costume art, her dressing room glows with embroidered *babouches*, gold and silver sandals, jewelled necklaces and belts, and rows of caftans in sumptuous cloths. These voluminous, long coatdresses with wide loose sleeves, are made by men, with the intricate embroidery of braid and buttons done by women. Her most beautiful belt, of emeralds and diamonds in platinum, was designed by an artisan in Fez. (Continued on page 122)

MME. TAMY TAZI, *right,* in her glass-walled living room, wears the Moroccan *robe de style* with special cachet by pulling the fullness to the back, giving line to the figure. One of her marvellous collection, this cerise caftan and *dfina,* with its run of braided buttons and bands of passementerie, is of French velvet brocade. *Left, from top to bottom:* In an American bathing suit, Mme. Tazi water-skis against a frieze of Casablanca's skyscrapers and cargo ships. The Tazi children, Nadia and Sadek, on their way to riding and judo classes with Brahim, the manservant, in red tarboosh. Mme. Tazi, president of the Club Étrier (Stirrup Club), on one of her mounts, Buson, in classic English riding clothes. A champion horsewoman with a row of silver trophies, she rides like a true Moroccan—with spirit, courage, and bravado.

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Against the blaze of Tazi Palace, Mme. Tamy Tazi, *near right*, wearing a transparent black wool *dfina* over her white Pucci pants and ruffled matador shirt, at tea with Mme. Joli Medbouh, her sister, and Caïd Lyoussi Houssein, the son-in-law of Hadj Abbas Tazi, who owns this palace, a splendour of Maghreb art, a vast complex of gardens, patios, and pools.

MME. TAMY TAZI

With her strong fashion radar and her persuasive flair, Mme. Tazi is a sophisticate with a bent for French clothes, which she buys either at Mme. Joste's in Casablanca or in Paris. Here, in Rabat, she wears that definitive stamp of Paris, a Chanel suit of white tweed, the jacket bound in taupe and gold, the shirt of taupe silk. In addition to Chanel, her other Paris loves are Dior and Yves St. Laurent.







THE TWO WORLDS OF MME. TAMY TAZI *continued*

French and Moroccan delicacies are served at parties: silver-skewered pigeons roasted with sesame, ginger, and cinnamon, *homard à l'Armoricaine,* hearts of fennel, rolled pastries of spiced lamb, sorbets, and honeyed almond sweets. Guests spread out all over the house, to terrace benches banked in orange cushions, to the "Moroccan Room," to the living room with a black-leather tufted sofa, carved wood ceilings, and Rabat rugs stretched on black-and-white marble floors. Sometimes the music comes from the stereo, playing discs of the Beatles, Louis Armstrong, Trini Lopez; sometimes from a troupe of musicians brought in to play their twangy lutes, mandolins, and drums for dancers and singers. Alive to all the new disco-steps, Mme. Tazi can also do the *danse Marocaine,* "but only in small family groups." All balance, with a withdrawn inner quality, she dances with swaying movements, a special kind of grace.

MME. TAZI, *right,* and her guest from Madrid, Condesa de Romanones, wearing classic Moroccan dress, Chanel handbags excepted, for shopping incognito in the rug souks of Rabat. In djellabas and veils (worn by Mme. Tazi only rarely), they drew a concert of Arabic praise: "pigeons of the Prophet . . . ravishing beauties . . . Halaouatt" or "two bonbons." *Left:* in her sun-filtered conservatory, banked in foliage, Mme. Tazi in the all-white Japanese silk caftan she wore during a pilgrimage to Mecca, and, later, to a Paris dinner party. *Above, left to right:* M. Jalil Tazi, Condesa de Romanones, Mme. Tazi, and her parents, Minister of Defense and Mme. Mohammed Mizzian, in a salon of the great Hispano-Moorish house where the Mizzians live a deeply Moroccan life in the seclusion of scented apartments and walled gardens, guarded by a *corps de garde* which challenges visitors at the high grilled gates.

HENRY CLARKE



LE SACRE DE DIAGHILEV



Sergei Diaghilev, the master impresario of the great Ballet Russe during its Paris fame, beginning in 1909.

Picasso's portrait of Igor Stravinsky sketched in 1917.

Léon Bakst's brilliant Eunuch costume for *Scheherazade*.



Rimsky-Korsakov, composer of *Scheherazade*, a triumph of Diaghilev's Ballet Russe.



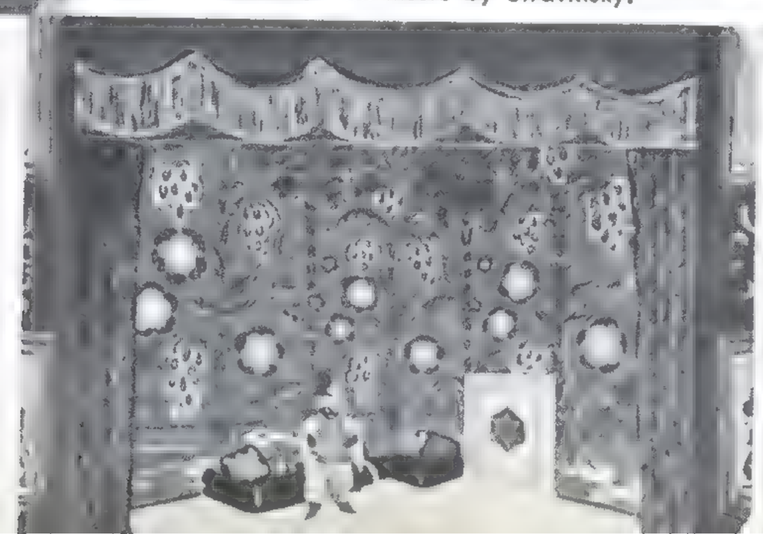
A Jean Cocteau sketch of Picasso and Stravinsky in 1920.



Picasso's design for *Pulcinella*, a stage on stage with figures in the loges.



An Aleksandr Benois stage set for the famous ballet *Petroushka*, with music by Stravinsky.



CRAFT: What were Diaghilev's powers of musical judgment? What, for example, was his response to *Le Sacre du Printemps* when he first heard it?

STRAVINSKY: Diaghilev did not have so much a good musical judgment as an immense flair for recognizing the potentiality of success in a piece of music or work of art in general. In spite of his surprise when I played him the beginning of the *Sacre* ("Les Augures Printanières") at the piano, in spite of his at first ironic attitude to the long line of repeated chords, he quickly realized that the reason was something other than my inability to compose more diversified music; he realized at once the seriousness of my new musical speech, its importance, and the advantage of capitalizing on it. That, it seems to me, is what he thought on first hearing the *Sacre*.

CRAFT: Was the musical performance of the first *Sacre du Printemps* reasonably correct? Do you recall anything more about that night of May 29, 1913, beyond what you have already written?

STRAVINSKY: I was sitting in the fourth or fifth row on the right and the image of Monteux's back is more vivid in my mind today than the picture of the stage. He stood there apparently impervious and as nerveless as a crocodile. It is still almost incredible to me that he actually brought the orchestra through to the end. I left my seat when the heavy noises began—light noise had started from the very beginning—and went backstage behind Nijinsky in the right wing. Nijinsky stood on a chair, just out of view of the audience, shouting numbers to the dancers. I wondered what on earth these numbers had to do with the music, for there are no "thirteens" and "seventeens" in the metrical scheme of the score.

From what I heard of the musical performance it was not bad. Sixteen full rehearsals had given the orchestra at least some security. After the "performance" we were excited, angry, disgusted, and . . . happy. I went with Diaghilev and Nijinsky to a restaurant. So far from weeping and reciting Pushkin in the Bois de Boulogne as the legend is, Diaghilev's only comment was, "Exactly what I wanted." He certainly looked contented. No one could have been quicker to understand the publicity value, and he immediately understood the good thing that had happened in that respect. Quite probably he had already thought about the possibility of such a scandal when I first played him the score, months before, in the east corner ground room of the Grand Hotel in Venice. . . .

I was in Leysin in January 1914 completing the *Nightingale* [*Chant du Rossignol*]. Cocteau came there in the hope of persuading me to collaborate with him on a work to be called *David*, and Diaghilev followed him a few days later with the express intention of discouraging this same project. Diaghilev-Cocteau relations were not ideal at the time, anyway, as Diaghilev could not stand Cocteau's fondness for Nijinsky, but Diaghilev's excuse for the trip was the *Nightingale*. Until then he had ignored the existence of this opera (out of jealousy—it had been commissioned by a Moscow theatre) but recently the people who were to produce it had declared bankruptcy, and he was now very interested: I had been paid by them (10,000 rubles, a huge sum of money for 1909), and he could have the opera for nothing. We returned to Paris where I played the *Nightingale* for Ravel and a group of friends. . . .

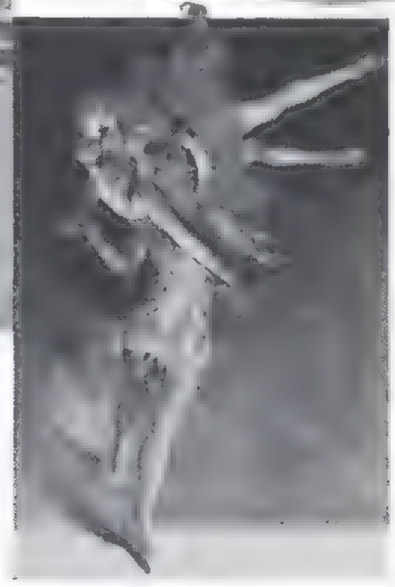
Gogol died screaming and Diaghilev died laughing (and singing *La Bohème*, which he loved genuinely and as much as any music), but Ravel died gradually. That is the worst. . . .

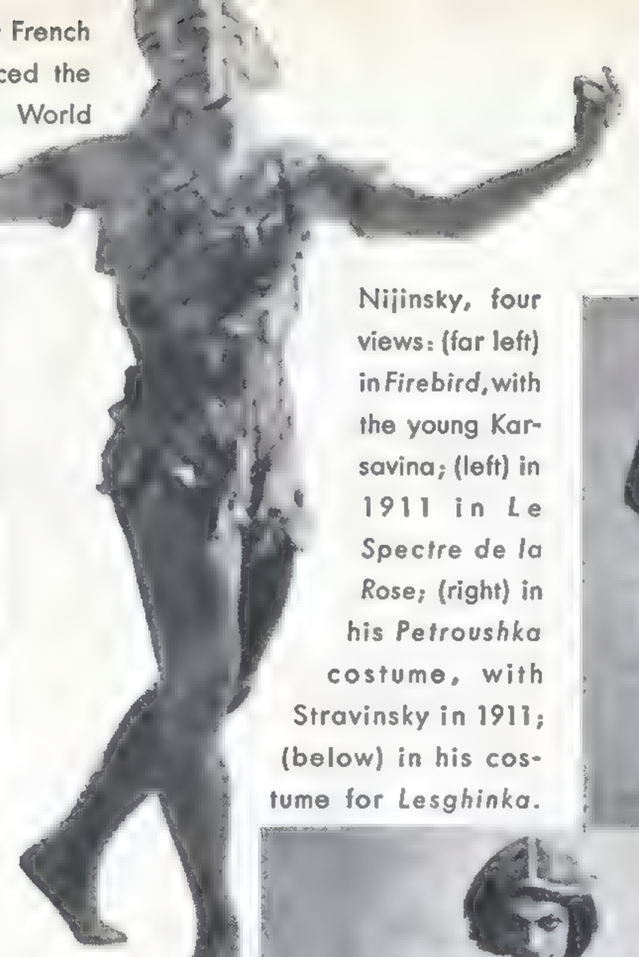
CRAFT: One "painter" question. I once heard you describe your meeting Claude Monet.

STRAVINSKY: I don't know where Diaghilev found the old man or how he managed to get him into a loge at one of our Ballet Russe spectacles, but I saw him there and came to *serrer la main*. It was after the war, in 1922 or 1923 I think, and of



Paul Poiret, one of the greatest French couturiers, a man who influenced the Oriental bent of Paris before World War I.

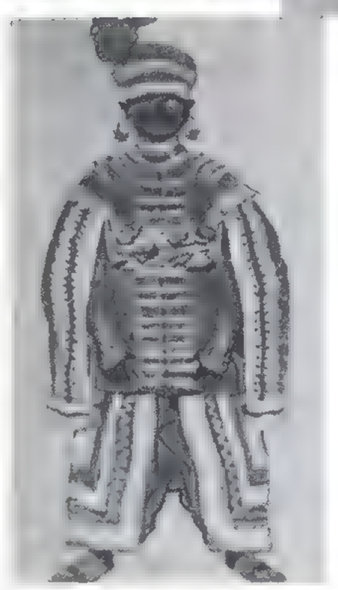




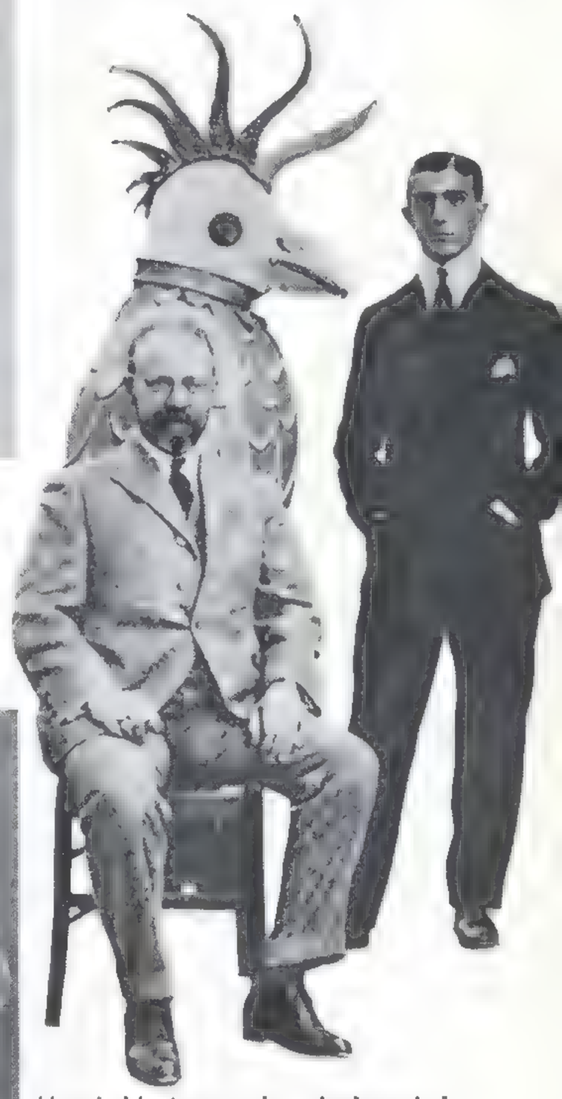
Nijinsky, four views: (far left) in *Firebird*, with the young Karsavina; (left) in 1911 in *Le Spectre de la Rose*; (right) in his *Petroushka* costume, with Stravinsky in 1911; (below) in his costume for *Lesghinka*.







The famous Benois costume for the Blackamoor in *Petroushka*.

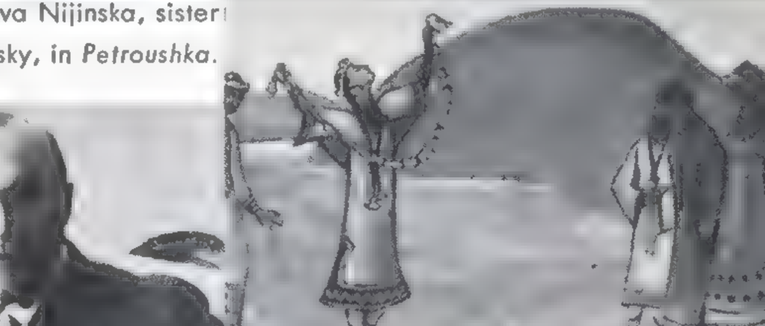




Bronislava Nijinska, sister of Nijinsky, in *Petroushka*.

Henri Matisse, who designed *Le Chant du Rossignol* for the Ballet Russe, with the dancer and choreographer Léonide Massine in 1920.

Nicholas Roerich (left), the Russian painter who designed the sets and costumes (above) for the first performances of Stravinsky's controversial *Le Sacre du Printemps* in 1913. Diaghilev said: "Exactly what I wanted."



Gondolas in Diaghilev's funeral procession in Venice.

BY IGOR STRAVINSKY AND ROBERT CRAFT

course no one would believe it *was* Claude Monet. He wore a white beard and was nearly blind. I know now what I wouldn't have believed then, that he was painting his greatest pictures at the time, those huge, almost abstract canvases of pure colour and light, ignored until recently; I believe they are in the Orangerie, but a very beautiful "Water Lilies," which now looks as good as any art of the period, I go to see in the Museum of Modern Art every time I am in New York. Old Monet, hoary and nearly blind, couldn't have impressed me more if he had been Homer himself. . . .

After the premières of *Mavra* and *Renard* in June 1922, I went to a party given by a friend of mine, Princess Violette Murat. Marcel Proust was there also. Most of the people came to that party from my première at the Grand Opera, but Proust came directly from his bed, getting up as usual very late in the evening. He was a pale man, elegantly and Frenchly dressed, wearing gloves and carrying a cane. I talked to him about music, and he expressed much enthusiasm for the late Beethoven quartets—enthusiasm I would have shared, were it not a commonplace among the intellectuals of that time and not a musical judgment but a literary pose. . . .

CRAFT: Did you choose Nicholas Roerich to do the décors for the *Sacre du Printemps?*

STRAVINSKY: Yes. I had admired his sets for *Prince Igor* and imagined he might do something similar for the *Sacre*. Above all, I knew he would not overload. Diaghilev agreed with me, and accordingly, in the summer of 1912, I met Roerich in Smolensk and worked with him there in the country house of the Princess Tenischev, a patroness and liberal who had helped Diaghilev.

I still have a good opinion of Roerich's *Le Sacre*. He had designed a backdrop of steppes and sky, the *Hic Sunt Leones* country of old mapmakers' imaginations. The row of twelve blond, square-shouldered girls against this landscape made a very striking tableau. And Roerich's costumes were said to have been historically exact as well as scenically satisfying.

I met Roerich, a blond-bearded, Kalmuck-eyed, pug-nosed man, in 1904. His wife was a relative of Mitusov's, my friend and co-librettist of the *Nightingale*, and I often saw the Roerichs at the Mitusovs' St. Petersburg house. Roerich claimed descent from Rurik, the Russo-Scandinavian Ur-Prince. Whether or not this was true (he looked Scandinavian, but one can't say such things any more), he was certainly a *seigneur*. I became quite fond of him in those early years, though not of his painting, which was a kind of advanced Puvis de Chavannes. . . . He looked as though he ought to have been either a mystic or a spy. Roerich came to Paris for *Le Sacre*, but he received very little attention and, after the première disappeared—slighted, I think—back to Russia. I never saw him again.

CRAFT: Was Henri Matisse your choice of painter for the *Chant du Rossignol* sets?

STRAVINSKY: No, his collaboration was Diaghilev's idea entirely. In fact, I opposed it, but too directly. (Amiel says, "Every direct resistance ends in disaster.") The production and especially Matisse's part in it were failures. Diaghilev hoped Matisse would do something very Chinese and charming. All he did do, however, was to copy the China of the shops in the rue de la Boétie. Matisse designed not merely the sets, as you say, but also the costumes and curtain.

Matisse's art has never attracted me, but at the time of the *Chant du Rossignol* I saw him often and liked him personally. I remember an afternoon together with him in the Louvre. He was never a rousing conversationalist but he stopped in front of a Rembrandt and started to talk excitedly about it. At one point he took a white handkerchief from his pocket—"Which is white, this handkerchief or the white in that picture? Even the absence of colour does not exist, but only 'white' or each and every white."

(Continued on page 152)

VILLA VOLPI

EXOTIC PALACE IN TRIPOLI– THE RETREAT OF CONTESSA ANNA MARIA CICOGNA VOLPI BY RODERICK CAMERON

Palaces in the East have a way of masking their charm. Villa Volpi stands on a small square in Tripoli at the end of an unpaved street bordered with dirty white walls. Children have daubed blue aeroplanes on the whitewash, and someone, fearful of the evil eye, has traced Fatima's hand. Dried eucalyptus leaves, the local insect repellent, hang from rusty nails in little bunches reminiscent of the floral offerings found in Tutankhamen's tomb.

Nothing prepares a visitor for the pleasures waiting. The great knocker reverberates through the sun-clotted Libyan stillness, and almost immediately the doors are swung open by young, white-gloved footmen in crisp linen jackets with epaulets of twisted gold and magenta.

Within, the first impression is of cool vistas of white marble and the splashing of fountains. Then the harmonious blending of exterior and interior becomes apparent. The limits of the garden are hard to define—in memory the house remains an arabesque of flowers and colour, a delicious mixture of nature and exoticism.

Contessa Anna Maria Cicogna Volpi, who has travelled the world over, has surrounded herself with a battery of highly evocative objects. The result, expressed in a multitude of brass trays, curved daggers, and dark foliated furniture, might well have been disastrous. A trained eye and a feeling for quality is needed to collect successfully, and then to arrange the collection. It becomes a question of proportion, of texture, and of juxtaposition: an inlaid ebony and mother-of-pearl powder horn from the Rajasthan might look well on an embroidered cloth from Isfahan, and quite pointless lying on a majolica-topped table. Such subtleties Contessa Cicogna Volpi (Continued on page 145)



LOOKING LIKE A DESERT QUEEN, FAR RIGHT, CONTESSA CICOGNA VOLPI WEARING THREE MAGNIFICENT NORTH AFRICAN GOLDEN NECKLACES, PERHAPS TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD, WITH ONE OF THE VILLA VOLPI ROBES SHE ADAPTED FROM A CAFTAN. NEAR RIGHT, THE GREAT ROMAN THEATRE RUINS AT SABRATHA.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



VILLA VOLPI

MULAS LEOMBRUNO-BODI

The full flavour of Villa Volpi lies in the merging of Matisse colour and pattern with the colours and patterns of North Africa, of Eastern countries. The fantastic quality of this living room, *far right*, with its chevron-striped tile floor, its Siamese silk wall hanging, its green screen, designed by the Contessa and hung with Persian genre paintings, comes from the pile-up of pattern, giving more and more for the eye to see. *Above:* a sitting room, once part of the harem when the villa belonged to a Turkish family. *Near right:* the Moghul garden, the flowers set like a Persian carpet.

MULAS



VILLA VOLPI

An arabesque of flowers, colour, patterns, objects gathered by a knowing eye, the Villa Volpi is a succession of surprises. *Opposite:* an alcove of the former harem. On its walls, paintings from the fifteenth century discovered by Contessa Cicogna Volpi in Crete. *Above:* the daughter of the house, Contessa Marina Cicogna in one of the guest rooms. *Left:* an alcove of the bedroom of Contessa Cicogna Volpi who designed the bed. The silk hangings are held back with gold-embroidered belts. *Below:* the pool, like a sapphire oasis in the greenery, with elaborate tasselled umbrellas from Puri, India.

LEOMBRUNO BODI













VILLA VOLPI

Contessa Marina Cicogna, the attractive daughter of Contessa Cicogna Volpi. *Far right:* the magic of the trellis-tunnel of red roses.

CECIL BEATON



BEAUTY BULLETIN

BRUSHES WITH BEAUTY... BRUSHES WITH DUTY

Here, brushes for complexion cleansing; brushes for blending powder; brushes for buffing makeup—and for almost every makeup buff you could name; even a toothbrush with a closer tie to the beauty life. Placed on a bath shelf with reason (most brushes are powered by water; all brushes need to be cleansed with soap and water, allowed to dry in space), these tell a basic part of the 1965 beauty story. Namely: brushes have become so vital to the perfecting of beauty that one switched-on shop—Henri Bendel—has installed a complete section of nothing but brushes in the heart of its cosmetics shop. From that collection come most of the brushes here, including the first private-label toothbrush we've met—"Henri Bendel" says the handle of that business-like operator, thus moving even the brushing of teeth into a new realm. The most expensive brush in the house, should you wonder, is the ivory-handled, badger shaving brush on the top shelf, which Caswell-Massey stocks at $50, and which is here to say: faces cleanse beautifully with the aid of brushes. (Germaine Monteil has come along with a white miniature shaving brush to do this same work at a somewhat more miniature price.) Also here (top shelf, second from left), Helena Rubinstein's telescoping brush designed primarily to rush colour to the face. Also in the picture, brushes used in the ritual geisha makeup—these (collected by a roving editor in Kyoto), and now scheduled for Bendel's counters one of these spring days.

BEAUTY AND THE BATH, 1965 . . . REMEMBRANCE OF BATHS PAST... REPORT ON BATHS PRESENT...

As we slipped around in the course of conducting one of our more intime little polls—this time oiling loose the bathing secrets of some of the more attractive bathers about—we confined ourselves to two questions. 1) What bath in your life do you remember best? 2) How do you bathe today—this morning, last night? . . .

In the line of the memory bath, the poignant souvenir of a house that was loved, a flat that fitted, an inn that cheered, travel that transformed, we picked up this small collection of remembered baths: From one seasoned mover-about, an unforgettable brunette through whose veins courses Homeric blood: "There are so many kinds of baths, and mine are all related to emotional experiences. The bath in Ioannina the day I got married—no plumbing, heated rainwater brought up in pitchers, a huge copper tub next to a black stove with black sausage-like pipes, my old nanny in black Turkish pants and black kerchief rubbing my back. Rainwater is the greatest." . . . Another traveller cited the drawn bath in a turreted English manor house, the drawn shades, the draped heated towels, the perfect soap, the feeling that there's no rush and that afterwards there will be that enormous bed with fresh linen sheets turned down. . . . England stirred up in someone else's recollections the pleasing thought of the dense steam from the dusky, unheated bathroom in a Devonshire country house, "in the corner that water-heater thing that you feed with shillings; you scrub practically in Braille, but it's England and seems quite natural." . . . "The most glorious bathrooms in the world," a sentimental pollee stated firmly, "are in Chamonix at Le Savoy Hotel, where everything's polished Mont-Blanc white and there's blue foam for the bath, head showers, side showers—the dreaminess of coming home dead and lolling in that extraordinary cleanliness." . . . Another was most moved by the saunas in Copenhagen, the privacy of the heated room, the wonderful massage that follows. "They recommend it after a big midday meal, and I found it reviving after an overnight flight from New York, especially since I slept through the massage and continued to sleep for an hour afterwards." . . . A woman sailor clings to the thought of "the long, long bath after a ten-day yachting trip, when even pampered skin is nonetheless leathery; oils in the tub, cream afterwards, leaving one looking like a bronzed Greek statue, muscles shining from the sun, firm from swimming." . . . And a Far Eastern poker-abouter can't put out of her mind the old mosaic tubs at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, where "one's skin gets printed with mosaic if one relaxes." . . . A memory that persists in another pretty head: "The funny yellow square sit-up corner tubs at Lyford Cay, and the many places that now have infra-red lights in the bathroom." . . . Many think fondly of bathing at "the dear Crillon in Paris," and one wouldn't be surprised if "it was the Crillon which started the terry-robe routine." . . . Other mental keepsakes rounded up: "The short, anticipatory bath before a ball." "Houses with bath thermometers; they im- (Continued on page 136)

BATH

BEAUTY *bulletin*

(Continued from page 135) ply the cuddlement of a baby bath." . . . "The choice of sweet or salt water on one of the older steamers, the 'Queen Mary,' I believe." . . . "The skylight over the Turkish baths, the brilliantly-coloured tiles, the oval mirrors set in the wall, the almond oil preparations in the old-fashioned hotel at Mérida in the Yucatán." . . . "Bathing in the icy surf of the Baltic Sea, after which masseurs take silky pine boughs and brush them over skin."

In sorting out more recent memories—the landlocked, everyday bath, this morning's shower, this evening's tub—we were struck by the pronounced preference of even the busiest bathing beauties for bath versus shower. Many hold that showers are for summertime, only for quick workmanlike cleansing jobs the rest of the year. Some who once took only showers now take only baths, principally because, it seems, they were lured to the deep by scented bath oils. But some shower advocates remain passionately that, and one revered actress's beautifully and thoughtfully executed bathroom has no tub at all, just a shower stall. . . . We found that the old bath, the pristine bath with nothing in it but soap and the bather, is simply that—the *old* bath, not in accord with the skin-and-water-softeners and body-scenters at large today. . . . Indeed, the fragranced, skin-smoothing life clearly quickened the decision of many to scoot out from under the shower and into the tub. . . . There is, we discovered, a startling new awareness of different textures and kinds of bath powders, the charms of aerosol bath powders which cool and fix the skin with a fine powder coat. . . . Brushes of all kinds turn out now to be bathroom furniture. Not just obvious bath and nail brushes, but every variety of face-making brush. Reason for residence in bathroom: running water, both to work and to keep clean. Exercise equipment is out of storage and in action in bathroom, or, if one is so endowed, in an adjoining dressing room which might double as domestic gym. Cycle-type machines. Roll-up mats. Fold-up massage tables. . . . The floral display in many bathrooms might rival one of those prize-winning gardens at the Coliseum last month. There are women who have one perfect flower, an anemone, a tulip, on their bath tray or on the tub ledge. There are more who have many flowers and one or more happy plants. ("What kinder thing could you do for a plant than let it live near the source of water, the mist, the moisture?" asked one bathroom florist. Answered another less confined performer: "Keep plants in a private garden, juxtaposed to bath, where they can amuse you while you dry off and sun in the deck chair.") . . . Some women choose their soap primarily for the scent, whereas another group considers the colour and the scent as being of almost equal importance. . . . A sizable collection of bathers clean their faces first, then put on night cream just for the length of time they're in the tub. Many are big on the conclusive cold-water splash for the face—to summon up colour, to make a face smooth and responsive to makeup. A few in our little survey, advised that a face cloth is too rough on the skin, use instead a patiently-lathered soap and beaucoup de rinsing, or a soft complexion brush. Most who do hew to face cloths agree that a cloth is a one-time proposition, then back to the laundry room with it. One well-scrubbed blonde gives housing to only one splash of colour in her otherwise clinical bathing quarters—a tall red basket stacked high with face cloths. . . . We gather that decorators are advising their clients to forget tile and have vinyl wallpaper instead, even white vinyl, ceiling to floor; cluing them in on malachite-encrusted rods, blue-and-white-Paisley china fixtures, needlepoint bath rugs. . . . And any woman we talked to who has a house cat is convinced that *her* cat is unique in this category: it is a bath-watcher. But then we discovered Cagliostro. Clementine, Cleo, Caesar (who never met the Cleo named), Pearl, Cricket, Pip, Ozwald, Blackmail, Black Pudding, and Momma-Cat Donovan. All bath-crazy cats. In fact, we didn't find *one* cat who could stay out of the bathroom when the beauty who feeds the creature is taking her bath.

TO:

BATHE THE FACE
WITH ENGLISH MIST

. . . why not put it on a jet at Kennedy, wake it up at Heathrow. There'll you be with your London look, a way London never expected to catch you looking; a look that one once thought could be accomplished only by soft rain, the dew, the clarified smog of England. But now one can be mist-i-fied across the sea in a new way—thanks to London's old friend, Yardley. The glisten of mist, the softening of mist, are dewed up in exhibit, *right*, by lipstick, a collaboration of Chelsea Pink and Yardley's new mouth polish, a pearly matter by name of Frosted Slicker. Contributing factors to the Look entitled by Yardley "London": a contouring cream rouge, Blushtone; a complexion powder called, with that special brand of English exuberance, Special Blend. Slicker suit by Foxhunt-Huntwood; the fabric a new marvel of chemistry —Genelle, by General Tire.





CECIL BEATON

the Penroses live at the centre of the world they love—that of art and artists—in London and on a Sussex farm at Muddles Green, Chiddingly. Here Lee Penrose cooks, amusingly, inventively, for guests, in a large pleasant kitchen, surrounded by Picassos, by cookbooks from all over the world, and the newest kitchen gadgets. Here she and I talked about food.

NINETTE LYON: How do you manage to do things so easily?

LEE PENROSE: I'm not bothered, as most cooks seem to be, by people in my kitchen. And then I make things which don't require continual hovering around the oven before the meal. When Miró had his huge retrospective exhibition in London, we gave a lunch in his honour. I wanted to amuse him by giving him dishes unknown in Spain. We began with corn on the cob as we have it in the United States. Then we had sesame chicken, rice creole, guacamole, and, for dessert, lemon mousse.

NINETTE LYON: When did you develop this passion for cooking?

LEE PENROSE: During my "Egyptian period." In 1934 I married Eloui Bey and we lived in Cairo. We were always off on expeditions into the desert, looking for new oases, for lost villages, for traces of unknown civilizations. Of course we never found anything. For days, sometimes for weeks, we had to eat canned food, which was pretty tiresome. I was the can opener. Our chef, who in Cairo forbade me any intrusion in his domain, taught me how to embellish canned food with herbs, condiments, spices. He would send seasonings with us on our trips, in carefully rationed packets, since I had to fix dinner at night and could barely see what I was doing. But still, it was a beginning.

I learned something else in the desert: you don't need water to wash dishes. You only need to rub casseroles and plates with sand and wipe them. Everything is instantly clean and polished.

NINETTE LYON: When did you really become a cook?

LEE PENROSE: During the war, out of sentiment. French and Belgian cooking reminded me of my friends. I started by reproducing, as best I could, the food I had eaten with them in the restaurants of Paris. Later, I took lessons at the Cordon Bleu in London and Paris. I also learned a great deal from talking to the great chefs. I have a weakness for these men, particularly the really enormous ones, the ones about to burst out of their clothes. Alas, most of them are on diets, these days. (Continued on next page)

LEE AND ROLAND

PENROSE

A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON

the first fame of Lee Miller Penrose is as a photographer and war correspondent in the European theatre during World War II. The first fame of Roland Penrose is as an art critic, painter, writer, and organizer of special exhibitions for London's great Tate Gallery. Together, the Penroses, who augment the activities of each other, are one of the most fascinating international couples. British Roland Penrose, a gentle, compassionate scholar, helped found the English Surrealist group, later founded London's Institute of Contemporary Arts. Now a trustee of the Tate, he put together its extraordinary show of Joan Miró last summer. Both the Penroses are friends of Picasso, own a number of his works. Among Roland Penrose's books are Homage to Picasso, Picasso: His Life and Work, *and* Picasso. *Born in the United States, Lee Miller became one of the most beautiful young models in New York in the mid-twenties, studied photography with Man Ray in Paris. The darling of the Surrealists there, she had a unique rôle in Cocteau's famous* The Blood of a Poet, *perhaps the first of the underground movies. In 1944, Lee Miller landed in Normandy on D-Day-plus-six for Vogue, remained with the Allied forces until they joined the Russian Army at Torgau, took memorable photographs of the Buchenwald and Dachau concentration camps. At the Penrose farm, Lee Miller Penrose does most of the cooking, mainly because she so dislikes country life that she finds the kitchen a heaven.*

I also adore cookbooks. I always buy two at a time, like gadgets, one for London, the other for the farm. All gadgets amuse me. The one I find indispensable is the blender. I can be dressed in an evening dress and, while I am waiting for a taxi, I can, thanks to this marvellous instrument, make a chocolate mousse for ten people.

NINETTE LYON: What is your favourite food?

LEE PENROSE: *Truite au Chambertin*, the classic recipe.

NINETTE LYON: And your least favourite food?

LEE PENROSE: Sage. I hate the English practice of stuffing birds with it. This herb, which is supposed to have curative powers, only gives me indigestion.

NINETTE LYON: Have you invented any new dishes?

LEE PENROSE: My first was an accident. I wanted to prepare a Belgian specialty, *waterzoie*, for a friend who had spent his childhood in Brussels. I was still a novice cook and did not understand all cooking terms. Three stalks of celery became three bunches, a sprinkling of parsley became a whole bunch, a few leeks became a bundle. I knew it was advisable to put a piece of bread in the cooking water of vegetables to keep down cooking odours. For some mysterious reason, I strained this bread along with everything else, celery, parsley, leeks, getting a thick green sauce, highly perfumed. This was the origin of my green chicken.

Here, four recipes, including green chicken, from Lee Miller Penrose:

Sesame Chicken for Eight People

4 1½-pound broilers
½ cup sesame seeds
1 cup dry bread crumbs
¼ pound butter
Salt and pepper

Cut the chickens in quarters, removing the carcass bones from the breasts. Remove the skin. Heat the sesame seeds in small amounts in an ungreased skillet. When they explode, remove to a bowl. When all are done. add bread crumbs to the bowl. Season with salt and pepper. Melt the butter and dip the chicken in the butter, then roll in the sesame and bread crumb mixture. Place in a roasting pan to fit, dot with butter or pour over remaining melted butter. Bake in a preheated 350° oven for 35 minutes or until crisp and golden. Or broil under a hot flame for 10 minutes on each side.

Guacamole for Eight People

4 avocadoes
2 tomatoes, skinned and seeded
3 tablespoons lemon juice
Salt to taste
¼ teaspoon chili powder

Peel and mash avocadoes. Dice one tomato and add to the avocado purée. Season with lemon juice, salt, and chili. Cut remaining tomato in long strips and arrange in a crisscross pattern in a mould or bowl. Press in the avocado mixture and chill several hours. At serving time unmould on a serving dish.

Spinach or Sorrel Roulade for Four People

3 pounds spinach, well washed with stems removed
5 tablespoons butter
4 eggs, separated
3 tablespoons dry bread crumbs
4 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
Salt and pepper

Plunge the washed spinach in a large quantity of boiling salted water. Boil 5 minutes and drain thoroughly. Chop coarsely and place in a large bowl. Add the butter and season with salt and pepper. Add the yolks one by one, beating well with each addition. Beat the whites stiff and fold carefully into the spinach. Oil a chocolate roll pan and line it with waxed paper. Butter the paper well. Sprinkle with bread crumbs. Pour the spinach mixture over the bread crumbs smoothing it lightly to even it. Sprinkle the Parmesan over the spinach and bake in a 350° preheated oven for 10–15 minutes. Meanwhile make the stuffing:

½ pound mushrooms
6 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
¾ cup milk
Salt and pepper
1 good pinch nutmeg
¼ cup heavy cream

Slice the mushrooms fine and sauté in hot butter for 3 minutes. Sprinkle with flour and stir to cook evenly 2 minutes more, adding butter if needed. Add milk and stir until thickened. Season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Stir in the cream. Remove spinach from the oven. Place a large sheet of buttered waxed paper over cooked spinach roll and invert gently on a heated platter. Remove top paper. Cover spinach with stuffing, spreading it evenly. Gently pull under paper, making the spinach roll up on itself. Sprinkle with lemon juice and melted butter.

Green Chicken for Eight People

2 4-pound chickens
1 large bunch parsley
2 whole bunches celery
4 large leeks with green tops
3 slices toast
Salt and pepper
2½ cups heavy cream
2 cups cooked small peas

Coarsely chop the well-washed vegetables. Place them with the chicken in a large soup pot along with the toast. Add enough water to cover. Season to taste, but lightly. Bring to a boil, turn the fire down and poach gently for an hour or until chickens are tender. Drain the chickens and remove skin and carcasses. Pass the vegetables through a food mill. Return them to the broth and replace on a low fire. Add the cream and heat without letting broth boil. Serve the carved chickens in heated soup plates, with the broth and a sprinkling of hot green peas. Serve with hot scones, to sop up sauce.



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Balenciaga

(Continued from page 83)

The mannequin is trampling my grey woollen sky with little steps; she overwhelms me with the surprises I hope for when the curtain goes up in a theatre. . . . The vendeuses were bustling about in the doorway, a woman in black was walking illicitly across the salon, the show was getting under way. The procession went by too fast for anyone who is a slave to detail. I have to pinpoint some highlight: my eye is no longer fresh enough to describe things from A to Z.

I have to confess it; three weeks after my visit to Balenciaga, I am still in his salon, arms outspread, weeping for joy, though with no tears, no movement of my lips, because his long dresses are statues. From his statues emerge an arm, a shoulder, a throat. It needs an immense amount of love to create warmth out of marble. Balenciaga has taught me that a great dress he creates endures as long as a marble sculpture.

The mannequins filed past, I was far away without taking my eyes off them. I could see, among a litter of sketches, the famous shell in which Venus would be born. It was empty in the studio. There was a rustling of sketches, a flickering mist of shapes, silhouettes, lines. The shell was being repeopled. Was a flame spurting up? No. A fountain was bursting into spray. The couturier's hands imprisoned it without coming near it, arrayed it without touching it, wedded it without deflowering it. That is what it is to serve, to love, to embellish.

A mannequin dressed in pink, that definite pink pushed to the point of aggressiveness, turned her back on me and retired to the secret lair of the little dressing room. I retained from this vision, this garden of simplified roses, the memory of visible seams. Haughty, self-sufficient, inexorable, they descended from the shoulder blades to the carpet with the perfection of glaciers. Balenciaga is severe with himself, I thought. Yet the unconcealed seaming, without breaking its strict line, without losing any of its severity, did not crush this froth, did not disturb this radiance, did not chill our desire to put an arm around a slender waist.

I have not met Balenciaga, I shall not meet him, but I read clear in the book of his severity, of his clairvoyance. The stones select themselves when he chooses. I want to speak of the solidity he retains in his models. My paths did not conceal themselves when, haversack on back, in the Gorges of the Tarn, every step cost me an effort on the edge of the precipices. . . . My paths had vanished from my sight. They are visible again in those visible seams, narrow mountain tracks for this couturier who does not lose his head when he goes to the very verge of himself, who does not go astray in his desert of originality. I write the word desert because there is no one like him.

This violet in the Balenciaga collection—I would like to prolong it as an organist prolongs a note. This violet in depth was sought and discovered by Balenciaga underground, in a bulb where sounds along with colours, organs along with stained-glass windows were germinating, ready to burst into flower. I will speak again of another violet in the same collection: the gentleness and violence of the violet of one coat of Balenciaga's. I see it again three weeks afterwards; this violet splashes me with sincerity as the July sun splashes me with light. This violet is immortal; it is the absolute affirmation of the greatest creator in the dress world. This colour swallowed up the coat, it cured me of the malady of existence, it gave me the bliss of forgetting myself in appreciation. It convinced me that I was in a museum for I effaced myself and grew greater while I contemplated this little trifle: a cluster of grapes, an acid-green jewel nesting in the fur of a cap. Winter married to summer when the vine is veiled in copper sulphate.

I opened my notebook and reread what I noted down: every inspired discovery of Balenciaga's is like a flash of lightning, every collection in his salon exceeds mere dressmaking as lightning exceeds mere light. A bush on a ship swathed in mists and fogs, mists and fogs reminiscent of petals. . . . This is a black tulle hat, incredibly fragile, incredibly imposing, with bows of crêpe enmeshed in it like flies in a spider's web. I must have a secret hankering for the weight of Hamlet's sword, for the sword belt dangling over Laurence Olivier's hip, since the leather belts, all the leather belts falling laxly over the loins put me in a state of intoxication. I receive what I have not demanded.

A creator thinks of everything. When I was five years old and they were picking currants, I used to open and close my hands carefully, hoping that I should keep the berries safe in them, that they would not escape and roll all over the place. . . . Chéchias, berets, bowlers, pillboxes are so far back from the forehead and liable to drop off that my childish cupped hands instinctively follow the mannequins. Dazed, I forgot that the chignons of feathers or rhinestones were rivetted to the nape of the neck. A creator forgets nothing.

Winter loses its grip after the clarion call of a green in Balenciaga's salon. What was the coat like? I have forgotten: groomed to perfection, the colour pranced on to the scene under false pretences. It is spring awakened too soon while soot is still falling on Paris. With whipcracks and revolvers accompanying the songs, I too gallop with the Indians to recover a war trophy of tender pink wood shavings from Mexico, or is it Mongolia? It is pink and fantastically exotic. It is an enormous construction on the mannequin's head. Where do people wear hats like that, with a difference? In the film *Alexander Nevsky*. To create is to reincarnate the dead. Clients were suffocating with suppressed laughter; I was wondering what to lean on for support. Was it before or after the apparition of the saris? The most important thing is to understand why they felt compelled to laugh. Too much generosity makes us lose our footing. We giggle. The three dragons were giggling.

Luxury, in the present day, what is it? The sky riddled with twinkling stars. It is our Orient, our fabled palaces. Here is a couturier with utter confidence:

he takes the sky in both hands as we take the two handles of a basket—the sky tilts, the sky topples over—it rains stars, pearls, jewels down on his fabrics. It is an avalanche and it is a sowing. What is sumptuous at Balenciaga's is not heavy to wear. The arm and shoulder emerge bare from the sari, a young acacia is a pretty sight rising above the evening muslins. The most richly embroidered stuff is ethereal on the ethereal mannequin. It is sumptuous, it is fleeting, it has no history. So much for prodigality in research, so much passion for attaining perfection must have frightened the three ladies. They took refuge in their nervous laughter. You get out of your depth and lose your footing when a couturier's salon is a museum, and this museum is dedicated to you. I understand their bewilderment better and better. Balenciaga sculpts, paints, writes in the act of making dresses. That is why he is above the others. To create dresses, beginning endlessly over and over again with the same model, the body, is to choose incessantly, without respite. As we breathe in order to live. To choose is to help the formless to breathe, to give life to what is unborn. In this, Balenciaga is supreme.

TRANSLATED BY ANTONIA WHITE

Exotic and erotic

(Continued from page 111)

with chunda blossoms, for each god has the flower or the aroma which propitiates him. The idol, a stick of slow-burning incense, a few glass bangles, and a brass water jar were the whole of her worldly wealth; yet she had created a special ambience, a remote world of perfumed quiet and beauty, to keep or to share, and I have no doubt that to the man she awaited she appeared as a queen enthroned.

The whole mystique of the veil, or yashmak, the enveloping burka or chador of the Moslem woman, like the feridjee or the diaphanous *çarşaf* worn by the last Turkish women to go veiled, was only another expression of this voluptuous sense of self-centred withdrawal. Within, woman creates her own hemisphere, contrives her own climate, her own tempo of coquetry or retreat—of *chez-soi*. To watch the instinctive grace of a young Moslem woman manoeuvring her draperies is to understand the truth of that overworked phrase "hidden charms."

But the mystique of the veil —its implications, at once erotic and exotic—is not confined to femininity. Any woman who has travelled the southern Sahara and encountered the "Blue Men," the veiled Touaregs, will understand the power of the veil. Touareg women—great beauties —go unveiled, but the men are muffled to the eyes. All that can be seen of these proud towering men are their dark, almond-long eyes which gaze out over the veil with the remote hauteur of eagles. When, from the saddles of their racing white camels, they survey the unveiled faces below, they seem a race of gods beyond the dreams of mere women.

India has always been a rich kingdom of the senses. Colour, heat, light; hallucinatory flowers, wildly scented: a vegetal life which can menace or transport; poisons as well as aphrodisiacs, incense, and essences. Above all, perfumes: all the perfumes of Arabia, a whole aromatic world, sacred and profane. Myrrh and sandalwood, amber, frangipanni, and patchouli which seem so old-fashioned to us, evoking Deuxième Empire frivolities. Cora Pearl served up to her admirers, naked, on a silver platter, to the music of Offenbach.

Yet, these same perfumes are for everyday use in India, encountered in shops, temples, railway stations, or street corners; alike in the simplest household or the most lavish palace. Some of these palaces were equipped with subterranean rooms stored with vats of precious essences. From here, by means of bellows worked by slaves, perfumes were puffed through grilles to the dressing room above, where the muslins and saris of the Rani or the court favourite hung, absorbing wafts of rose, tuberose, and jasmine, which the Hindus call Moonlight in the Grove.

In the East, perfumes have

(Continued on page 144)



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Exotic and erotic

(Continued from page 143)

never been solely a feminine prerogative, although Persian Shahs once had the custom of allotting the entire revenue of a town to meet the perfume bills of their Queens. Mighty warriors were equally addicted to heady scents. Alexander the Great commanded the pavings of his palace to be sluiced in perfume, which reminds me that Napoleon used as much as sixty bottles of Eau de Cologne in a month, while Wagner, *au fond* a warlike figure, soused his cupboards with attar of roses, so that long afterwards his manuscripts reeked. . . . Tristan and Isolde and attar of roses. . . . There's exoticism and eroticism for you!

Both Tamerlane and Genghis Khan not only delighted in heavy scents themselves, but believed in their stimulating properties and issued rounds of scent to their troops before going into battle (much as later Western soldiers received a tot of rum). These all-conquering Asiatic hordes swept down on their foes in overpowering waves of perfume—that might be described as a primitive version of chemical warfare.

In Tunisia, men and women alike are decked in jasmine, wear the starry blossoms in their hair, carry little bouquets, or, in an ecstasy of sensuality, plug one nostril with a flower, so that the senses swim. Over two thousand years ago Theophrastus bemoaned that perfumes were so fugitive. "A lasting perfume that is woman's wish," he wrote, and his plaint has echoed down the centuries.

The Arabians, who use the lovely shells found along the Red Sea shores as scent bottles, still sometimes use an age-old means of preserving roses. Buds are packed into earthen jars, sealed with clay, and buried. When required, they are dug up, unsealed, and the flowers sprinkled with water, and then the petals open miraculously.

In Moslem countries the rose is a miraculous or mystic flower. Legend has it that when Mohammed was transported to Paradise, a drop of his sweat fell on a thorn from which blossomed the rose, while in that Paradise promised by the Koran, the houris who wait to delight the Faithful are made of musk, and wave scarfs perfumed with roses.

But among the houris who delight on this earth, I would first name the Ouled Naïl dancers for their particular blend of the exotic and the erotic. They are the celebrated courtesans of North Africa who ply their trade across the oases of the Sahara, and have little in common with the harpies who claim to be such in the sordid *boîtes de nuit* along the Mediterranean.

The true Ouled Naïls are as legendary as honoured. Those which I remember, at Tagiura or Ghadames, surrounded their commerce with style. They lived in their own quarter—the *quartier réservé* when that part of the world was under matter-of-fact French rule.

At dusk, each dancer could be seen sitting in the doorway of her booth, lit by a lamp, as if enshrined. Splendid, savagely beautiful creatures, adorned like idols, they awaited their worshippers in dignity and security, for their attitude was that of conferring favours. They wore bunchy, unrevealing dresses recalling old-fashioned children's party frocks, puffed and frilled and bound with numerous bright scarfs and shawls.

Their high, tiara-shaped headdresses were feathered and glittered with gold ornaments, while their necks and graceful arms were hung with the gold coins they earned, and which constituted the *dot* with which they would, long before their beauty faded, return to their tribe in the mountains, there to marry and live in honour.

They were attended by a few old crones who looked after the clothes, ran errands, intrigued, made innumerable brews of sweet mint tea, and instructed the very young pupils in their intricate dances and the finesses of a profession which they properly regarded as a hieratical art.

Some of their dances, performed ritualistically, in swaying immobility, reveal a whole dimension of sensuality expressed by the hands alone. Such performances are said to stem from the temple rituals of ancient Egypt and are no come-by-chance beckoning.

But then, the Orient has always understood what, for want of a more graceful phrase, could be described as organized *volupté*—a very far cry from what our newspapers describe as organized vice—which brings me back to my starting point, the exotic and the erotic.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Lesley Blanch is an adventurous woman, mentally uninhibited. She has proved that in her six books, beginning with* The Wilder Shores of Love. *Her latest book—her first novel—is* The Nine-Tiger Man. *Part of the Blanch effectiveness as a writer lies in her first-hand research, her pleasure in sensuous details, her spread of knowledge, and her understanding of love.*

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Villa Volpi

(Continued from page 126)

understands perfectly and, given the ideal setting of an Arab house in Tripoli, she has made full use of her magic.

How does one describe Contessa Cicogna Volpi? Elegant is the first adjective that jumps to mind. The more one sees her, the more conscious one becomes of her presence; the lively intelligence of her eyes, the slim, youthful quality of her figure, and what the French call *les attaches fines*. The smile is warm, and she radiates an air of repose.

She is one of those women who know how to flatter men. Her approach is personal, discreet, intelligent, never a question asked to which one is not willing to give an answer.

There is a certain dusky quality about her; perhaps it is the skin that takes so readily to the sun. Bernard Berenson, who was a close friend, described her in his diaries as "the Egyptian-like Anna Maria." And I have seen her at the Roman ruins of Sabratha in a pleated white dress with a pink kerchief on her head looking as he described her. Her hair was hidden, and the kerchief, cutting straight across her forehead, was fastened at her ears with gold clips and fell to resemble an Egyptian court wig. Gazing out over the impressive ruins of Sabratha's theatre, she looked exactly like one of those beautiful bas-reliefs worked in the soft limestone of an eighteenth-dynasty tomb.

At night, at the Villa Volpi, there is a dramatic change in the Contessa's appearance. She emerges from her bedroom—an interior of silk hangings and pearl-encrusted furniture from Damascus—looking like a desert queen in long black robes with huge striped sleeves. A jumble of gold coins and gold amulets glints in a deep collar around her neck. Like the wimpled ladies of our Gothic North, she has added to her stature and advances on wedged stilts. Suddenly, she is Rider Haggard's *She* or the mysterious enchantress in *L'Atlantide*, the capricious ruler of a kingdom lost in the Sahara.

The robes, part costume, part invention, have a romantic provenance. The great traveller, Freya Stark, back from Saudi Arabia, had given the prototype, a form of djellaba, to Contessa Cicogna Volpi's sister, Contessa Luling Volpi, the owner of Palladio's Villa Maser in Italy.

* * *

Tripoli is not a particularly distinguished town. The original Oea of the Romans, it was, along with Leptis Magna and Sabratha, one of the three cities that gave the province its name—Tripolitania: "Land of Three Cities." Oea, or Tripoli, the least important of the three, is the only one to survive in our times. Cupolas and minarets decorate the Arab quarter, while Italian architects have imposed a certain quiet dignity in the modern sector where King Idris I of Libya has his palace.

Villa Volpi, lying near the outskirts of the town, is an old house that once belonged to the powerful Karamanli family of Turkish origin who made themselves rulers of Tripoli in the eighteenth century.

The core of the house opens out on to one of several patios, its walls patterned with a Saracenic design picked out in white and yellow. The columns are slender and delicately veined, and in the centre, under the open sky, there is a blue-tiled fountain. Every morning a gardener places fresh geraniums in the scalloped central bowl.

Flowers play an important rôle in this house, where Contessa Cicogna Volpi has trained one of her footmen to arrange the great bold splashes of colour, Indian in their contrast: yellow and orange marigolds with pink amaryllises; magenta bougainvillaea with red canna lilies. A burst of sunflowers in a black vase stands on a square plinth of black-and-white speckled faïence in the hall. The plinth was especially designed for the Contessa.

Not a detail escapes her, and everything is carefully thought out: the black and white chevron tiles in the large drawing room, the aubergine-dyed carpets, and, on them, the sofas and chairs loosely draped with fine, locally spun, natural-coloured wools. Great tassels mark the gatherings—an entirely original idea. On a

(Continued on page 146)



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Villa Volpi

(Continued from page 145)

handsome cloth screen, Islamic in profile, stretched with the Prophet's spinach green and hinged in red, hang nineteenth-century Persian genre paintings in shining brass frames. There are great brass-studded chests from Zanzibar and, in the courtyard, high, fan-backed wicker chairs from Manila.

The central patio gives on to an open courtyard, its horseshoe arches hung with unruly bougainvillaea. Into the middle of this courtyard Contessa Cicogna Volpi has sunk a stone parterre patterned after the grape garden laid out by the Emperor Akbar in Agra. The tracing is flush with the paving, tiled in a Roman fish-scale pattern, and the ground, as it were, of the tracery is filled out with a field of white-starred jasmine. Beyond the parterre, angular steps mount to a wall of mesembryanthemum which masks the sides of a turquoise pool or, rather, tank into which splash crystal clear ropes of water pumped up from darkly cool artesian wells. One has the sense of dipping into a deliciously clear reservoir, the life's blood of her oasis-garden. Here again appears the unexpected: a tented pavilion from the Coromandel coast worked in a complex patchwork of brightly coloured cottons. Hanging from its dentellated edging, little brass Siamese temple bells with leaf-shaped clappers tinkle idly on the desert air.

Below the pool, on the far side, lies the garden: a carpet of flowers planted in regular squares irrigated by miniature canals. Date palms pattern the sand-raked paths, breaking the hard light with their stiletto points. The beds are numbered, and each bed is planted with a specific flower; green-white zinnias, speckled cannas, or chartreuse-coloured cockscombs.

Lost in the squares, there suddenly appears a shallow rectangular pond. Water-lily pads, the texture of frog skin, patch the mirror-like surface from which rise clumps of papyrus. Palms, ingeniously protected from the damp, mount straight out of the water in ribbed columns.

After the war, Contessa Cicogna Volpi had to rebuild the house entirely. "My first sight of it in 1948 was almost too much for me," she said. "It had been occupied by troops, and you can imagine what a wreck I was faced with." The Contessa speaks English with an exquisite precision, the result of early training by a battery of governesses. She enunciates slowly, in a low voice.

"All the terraces leaked," she said, "the beams were rotten, and the rain came in everywhere. I restored the house, really, in memory of my mother, who adored it."

Villa Volpi, in fact, is part of Contessa Cicogna Volpi's life. For five years her father had been Governor of Tripolitania, and consequently a part of her girlhood had been spent there. Conte Giuseppe Volpi was responsible for unifying the people who, under the Turks, had split up into warring factions that terrorized the countryside. In 1922 Volpi succeeded in trapping the guerilla bands and forcing them into battle. The encounter took place at Misurata, a coastal village from which Volpi took the title Conte di Misurata. After his governorship Volpi, who had had a remarkable business career, was appointed Minister of Finance.

Contessa Cicogna Volpi remembers him bowling off in an open car hidden in clouds of dust on his way to Sabratha or Leptis Magna. It was he who instigated the first systematic diggings. She said, "He would spend the night in Homs where there was a hideous little governor's 'palace,' and the next morning, early, hurry off to inspect the recently uncovered fragments. For years, Sabratha was known as Sabratha Volpia." His daughter inherited his passion for the ruins.

Villa Volpi, as one might suppose, is perfectly run. An efficient secretary irons out the mechanics of life, changes visitors' travellers' checks, and makes reservations. Nothing is wanting in the shuttered guest rooms. The chef is Italian, as are all the servants. Meals are served on white hexagonal faïence plates emblazoned with the Ci-

cognas' stork, the family crest, executed in Arabic calligraphy.

As a rule, everyone gathers before lunch for drinks around the pool. The morning might have been spent in Tripoli, visiting the museum or shopping in the souks, where the chief attractions are the gossamer woolen shawls ranging in colour from white to palest apricot.

Late in the afternoon guests might drive out to the oasis of Tagiura to see the mosque there, the oldest in the region, its vaulted roof resting on a maze of antique columns. It is startling to notice that the Libyans drape their burnooses exactly the way the Romans wore their togas.

The highlight trips are to Sabratha and Leptis Magna. The remains of Sabratha are beautiful. Smaller than Leptis Magna, it has main streets as narrow as those of Pompeii. Contessa Cicogna Volpi acts as guide on these expeditions and at Leptis Magna she comes into her own. Leptis involves a whole day's expedition, and a picnic has to be prepared. She plans the outing. She chooses some particular site: the theatre, Septimus Severus's forum, or the octagonal pavilion in the inner court of the great market. When I was there, she chose the quay of the well preserved harbour.

A station wagon is sent ahead with her retainers. By lunchtime tables and chairs have been set under the shade of a great canvas awning, ingeniously secured to different parts of the ruins. Delicious dishes imbedded in aspic are followed by sherbets. Ice-cold wines frost the sides of silver beakers; the wines are served by footmen in striped blue-and-white gondolier shirts.

It is a splendid scene. We might appear to be the caravan of some Bedouin chief, or the suite of the Emperor Septimus Severus; for Leptis is an Imperial city. Born at Leptis, the Emperor spared no pains in its embellishment.

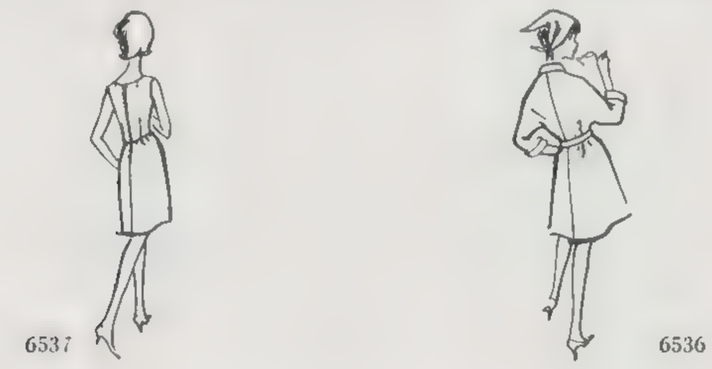
It would take days to explore thoroughly all the ruins—with, among their marvels, the palm capitals and the great tumbled Gorgon heads of the Forum. The Contessa has distressing stories to tell of raids carried out on these particular ruins. A seventeenth-century French consul, abetted by Louis XIV's architects, dispatched a prodigious number of columns to France.

Hundreds still remain, however, for everything is on an immense scale. There are baths and an enormous coliseum recently unearthed near the sea. A majestic road sweeps out under Septimus Severus's Triumphal Arch, and not far from this is the theatre. Tier after tier of marble seats, twenty, thirty tiers, mount to the sky, empty now except for a few ghostly statues.

I shall never forget our day at Leptis—not only the splendour of the ruins but the manner in which Contessa Cicogna Volpi presented them to us. She loves Libya and takes infinite pains to show it off at its best.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 78-79; other views, yardages, details)



Above left: Sleeveless Tattersall dress. Vogue Pattern 6537. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 2⅜ yards 45″ fabric without nap. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65. Yardages do not allow for matching plaid. *Above right:* Raincoat dress. Vogue Pattern 6536. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 4¾ yards 35″ fabric without nap. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65. Yardages do not allow for matching plaid.

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Liotard

(Continued from page 115)

Vestali and her sister Signora Maroudia.

Liotard's travel drawings are extraordinarily precise, but there is nothing hard or dry about them and they bear witness to an amazingly deft hand. As a young man Liotard had been advised by the painter François Lemoyne: "Never paint except from nature, for I know no one better able to imitate her than you." Carried away as he was by the picturesque quality of the sights before him, he took care to transcribe with complete honesty the flowered dresses, the lacy corsages, the gold and silver belt buckles, and, above all, the enchanting faces pointed up by the abundant use of rouge and powder.

At Constantinople Liotard found an even greater wealth and variety of dress. On the streets were Turks with immense turbans, Greeks, Jews, Albanians, Walachians, and French merchants whose Oriental robes were surmounted by tricorn hats and powdered wigs.

Often processions of personages in turbans and flowered brocades went by. These were the officers of the Sultan's household: the commander of the white eunuchs, the head cook, the Captain of the Janissaries. After them came the gardeners, whose bizarre garb Lady Mary Wortley Montagu described as suggesting a bed of tulips.

No sooner had Liotard left the ship at Constantinople than he must have gone to work with his pencils and brushes. Thanks to his introductions to the English colony, he painted the portrait of Mrs. Tyrrell, the consul's wife, a round and red-faced woman from Geneva, and of three Englishmen who wore Turkish dress: Simon Luttrell, later to be the Earl of Carhampton; Richard Pococke, subsequently the Bishop of Meath; and the Marquess of Granby.

A merchant by the name of Levett introduced Liotard to the Greek and French merchants to whom the Turks entrusted their trade, and he was commissioned to make portraits of their wives, who were dressed in Oriental fashion, wearing small turbans sometimes called *doudoudournous*, garlands of pheasant feathers, or bouquets of jewelled and enamelled flowers.

The Greek girls of Constantinople must have spoken to Liotard's heart and imagination. Comte de Salaberry, a French traveller of the time, reported that they had "a touch of melancholy which went well with their heavy-lidded dark eyes," and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said of these eyes that they possessed "the same langour as if they had been blue." Another Frenchman, Jean de Thévenot, had some reservations. According to him, the Greek women of Constantinople were "beautiful but a trifle too stout, and extremely haughty."

In order to go about inconspicuously, Liotard adopted Turkish dress: a flowing velvet or damask robe and wide pantalons, topped, when the winter wind blew down from the Balkans, by a fur cap. When he was invited to a ball given by the English ambassador, Sir Everard Fawkener, he reverted to French costume: a coat with long tails, satin breeches, and silk stockings, but as he walked down the street, chilled to the bone by a lashing wind, he grumbled: "What idiotic clothes! I swear I'll never wear them again!" He was as good as his word, and it was in part thanks to his exotic costume and his long, black beard that he later made such a reputation for himself in the capitals of Europe.

It is unlikely that any Turkish women posed for Liotard, since they were shut up in the harems and never appeared publicly without veils over their faces. He did, however, draw Ibrahim, the palace dwarf; Sadig Aga, Grand Treasurer of the Mosques; and the Achmet Pasha who was none other than Comte Claude Alexander de Bonneval, a French nobleman who had become the general of the Sultan's bombardiers and a convert to the Moslem religion.

The two finest pastels dating from Liotard's sojourn in Constantinople are the "Turkish Woman and Her Slave" from the Musée d'Art et d'Histoire of Geneva and the "Countess of Coventry" in the Rijksmuseum of Amsterdam. In the former, Liotard has given a remarkable reproduction of the complicated, many-coloured dress of a woman who, in spite of the title, must have been a Christian, probably a Greek.

The Amsterdam portrait is, in my opinion, not of the Countess of Coventry but of a Greek girl called Mimica, with whom Liotard fell in love and whom, but for her mother's ambitions, he would have married. The museum in Geneva, too, possesses a so-called "Countess of Coventry," which must be another likeness of the same girl. Liotard often made more than one version of his portraits.

The actual Countess of Coventry (one of the Misses Gunning, three Irish girls famous for both their fatuousness and their beauty) was painted by Liotard in Paris in 1752. Her portrait hangs in the collection of Sir George Russell at Swallowfield Park, Reading, in England.

No matter who is the subject of the Geneva and Amsterdam pastels, these are without a doubt the artist's masterpieces, comparable in their fidelity, their precise drawing, and the crystalline purity of their light to the portraits of Vermeer and Degas. What other painter of Liotard's time would have dared to portray such informal poses, such a chance arrangement of accessories and details?

In 1742 Liotard left Constantinople and went, by way of Moldavia, Walachia, and Hungary, to Vienna. He kept his Oriental style of dress and his curly black beard which won for him the name of "Liotard, the Turkish painter." Salvador Dali and his moustache would have had nothing to teach him about publicity.

In Vienna the Archduchess Maria Theresa welcomed him at the court and commissioned him to make portraits of herself, the Grand Duke, and other members of the Imperial family. The courtiers, in an effort to please her, followed her example and overwhelmed him with similar commissions.

In 1748 Liotard moved on to Paris. The publications of *A Thousand and One Nights*, translated by Antoine Galland, *The Persian Letters*, and *Zaire*, as well as innumerable tales, fables, and plays situated in an imaginary East, plus the Persian Embassy of 1721, and the Turkish embassies of 1721 and 1742 had made France infatuated with the Orient. Lancret and Boucher painted *turqueries;* other painters costumed their models as fanciful Orientals.

Liotard, "the Turkish painter," was very well received. His caftan, his long beard, his bizarre humour, the uncompromising truth of his brushes—everything about him astonished and captivated. In the French court, he painted the Dauphine and the daughters of Louis XV.

Many connoisseurs in France, however, could not appreciate the rather harsh savour of Liotard's work, and in 1753 he left for London where his old travelling companion William Ponsonby waited to welcome him. After painting several fashionable portraits, he left again, this time for Holland, where, at the age of fifty-three he asked for the hand of Marie Fargues, the young daughter of an Amsterdam merchant. Since she threatened to refuse him unless he cut his long black beard, he gave it to her in a black silk bag as a wedding present.

All his long life, Liotard continued to travel. Until his death in 1789, he divided his time between Geneva, Paris, London, Vienna, and Amsterdam, executing portraits for the most part in crayon rather than in oils.

In his last years Liotard did some still lifes of fruits and flowers, remarkable for their freshness and precision. Toward the end of his life he did a self-portrait, with chin in hand and a meditative and resigned air. The likeness of this old man, who having so passionately loved life was patiently waiting for death, is touching in the highest degree.

"Truth is as much as it can be, and its only merit is to be what it is," wrote Baronne de Staal de Launay. It is a sentence which could have served Liotard, "the Turkish painter," as his motto.

TRANSLATED BY FRANCES FRENAYE

TRAVEL

By Despina Messinesi

Copenhagen,

"like a Canaletto freshly restored"

Brushed with snow, Copenhagen this winter glistened with sunshine instead of Nordic darkness about which *they* had warned me. I had to wear sunglasses. . . . Copper spires, the colour and shape of asparagus spears, pierced the enamel-blue sky. . . . The outside staircase winding around the spire of Our Saviour's Church had the lightness of a green wrapped sari. . . . Sea-blown Copenhagen looked like a Canaletto freshly restored—fingers of water entering into the city. . . . At the creamy Angleterre—the word hotel is superfluous there—my room, almost too warm, was curiously full of angles, as were most of the others; the bathroom shaped like a skinny, bent, string bean. . . . From an old-fashioned French telephone, I rang up friends all over Europe, even in Moscow. It was as simple as calling Connecticut from New York. . . . No top sheet and blanket on my bed, instead an eiderdown covered in white like an enormous pillowcase seemed to give out body warmth, fit around me, and blocked the icy night drafts from the open window like an armour plate. . . . Two minutes after I'd ordered morning coffee, the waiter arrived carrying my breakfast tray, set with Royal Copenhagen china and, curiously enough, Danish pastry, as if it were a trophy. . . .

For me, Copenhagen is a city without frustrations. . . . Taxis, many of them small Mercedes, are plentiful. . . . I said "fifteen percent" in English. Drivers and waiters worked out their tips for me in Danish—no arithmetic necessary. . . . The Angleterre's concierge attended to my watch repair, suggested a doctor's office across from the hotel for vitamin shots, and managed to find me a seat for the sold-out new production of *Swan Lake* directed by the Russian Nina Anissimova, the jester's rôle developed to stardom. From the sixth row centre, I could almost feel the dancers breathe. In Act I, scene 2, the corps de ballet looked ravishing—their torsos like spools of white silk thread; their tutu skirts like china demitasse saucers. . . . Drifting through the gilt and red theatre, a strong smell of coffee, persistent as an alarm clock, captured my interest from airborne jetés, but only for a second. At intermissions, people promenaded clockwise around the foyer, smoked only in small hallways. I was charmed by the paintings in the foyer, the small statues in red-velvet-lined niches.

My Nordic visit began at New York's Kennedy Airport. In the calm lounge of the Scandinavian Airlines System, everybody whispered, ice cubes clinked. In a hushed voice, I ordered my tax-free cigarettes to be delivered to me aboard the plane. (This saved me about a quarter of a mile walk through the terminal.) On board, the SAS hostesses switched from navy-blue to butter-yellow overblouses to hand out red-striped blankets which had an Indian look about them; passed trays of chilled orange juice, hot towels smelling of Dior's "Fraiche," maraschino-red socks with foam rubber soles which stayed on all night, were cosy for plane-pacing. (The men got navy-blue.) We had a superb eight-course dinner, served on beige linen with a red rose and Swedish china and glasses. This took a maître d' and two stewards. One steward changed into a chef's uniform from his pea jacket to wheel in the dessert cart, prettily clouded by hot water poured over dry ice. There were tulips to match the ice cream and cherry sauce.

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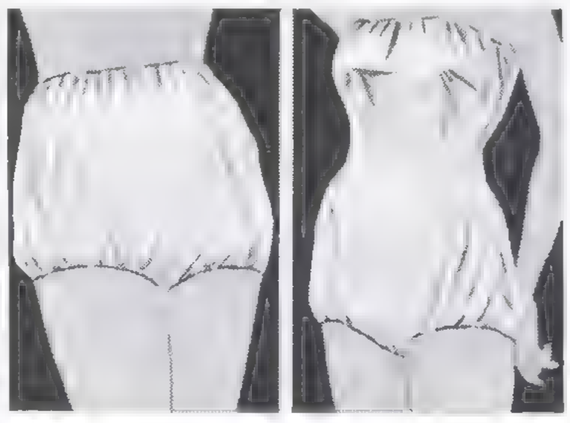
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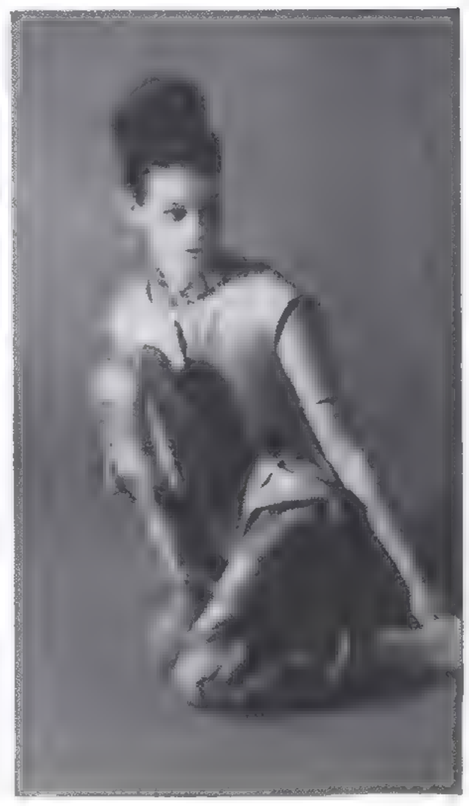
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Diaghilev

(Continued from page 125)

Our Matisse collaboration made Picasso very angry: "Matisse! What is a Matisse? A balcony with a big red flowerpot falling all over it." . . .

CRAFT: How do you regard Léon Bakst?

STRAVINSKY: No one could describe him as concisely as Cocteau has done in his caricature. We were friends from our first meeting, in Saint Petersburg in 1909, though our conversation was largely Bakst's accounts of his exploits in the conquest of women, and my incredulity: "Now, Lev . . . you couldn't have done all that."

Bakst wore elegant hats, canes, spats, et cetera, but I think these were meant to detract from his Venetian comedy-mask nose. Like other dandies Bakst was sensitive—and privately mysterious. Roerich told me that "Bakst" was a Jewish word meaning "little umbrella." Roerich said he discovered this one day in Minsk when he was caught in a thundershower and heard people sending their children home for "Baksts," which then turned out to be what he said they were. . . .

I had seen Bakst's easel painting before I knew any of his theatrical work but I could not admire it. In fact, it represented everything in Russia against which *Le Sacre du Printemps* is the revolt. I consider Bakst's *Scheherazade* to be a masterpiece, however, perhaps the perfect achievement of the Russian Ballet from the scenic point of view. Costumes, sets, the curtain were colourful in an indescribable way—we are so much poorer in these things now. I remember, too, that Picasso considered *Scheherazade* a masterpiece. In fact, it was the one production of the Ballet he really did admire: "Vous savez, c'est très spéciale, mais admirablement fait."

CRAFT: And Benois?

STRAVINSKY: I knew him before I knew Bakst. He was at that time the most cultivated Italophile I had ever met, and except for Eugene Berman he would be still: and Benois and Berman are very like in the fact of their Russian background, their Romantic theatre, their Italophilia. Benois knew more about music than any of the other painters, though of course the music he knew was nineteenth-century Italian opera. I think he liked my *Petroushka*, however, or at any rate, he wasn't calling it Petrouchka-ka as many others of his generation were. But Benois was the conservative of the company, and *Petroushka* was his exceptional work. . . .

Benois was very quickly up on his *amour propre*. The Ballet's greatest success at that time was the *Spectre de la Rose* with Nijinsky, and Benois was plainly jealous of Bakst's rôle in that success. Jealousy accounts for an incident that occurred the following year. Benois was painting the backdrop of Petroushka's cell when Bakst happened on the set, picked up a brush, and started to help. Benois fairly flew at him. . . .

CRAFT: Have you any notion where Picasso's backdrop for *Pulcinella* might be?

STRAVINSKY: It was in the dome of the Paris Opéra, when I last heard, and completely faded save for the moon. . . .

I have a vague recollection of meeting Picasso with Vollard at my friend Prince Argutinsky's about 1910, but I did not know him until 1917, when we were together in Rome. I immediately liked his flat, unenthusiastic manner of speaking and his Spanish way of accenting each syllable: "Je ne suis pas musicien, je comprends rien dans la musique," all said as though he couldn't care less. . . .

Picasso drew my portrait at this same time. The first one; the armchair portrait was done in his rue de la Boétie apartment, and the third one was conceived as a mutual gift from Picasso and myself to our friend Eugenia Errazuriz. It was in the Hôtel de la Russie, near the Piazza del Popolo, where many of the ballet dancers were staying, including Picasso's future wife Olga (Olga, who had changed his social life; she had many new robes from Chanel to show, besides Picasso, and suddenly the great painter was to be seen at every cocktail party, theatre, and dinner). . . .

Picasso's original *Pulcinella* was very different from the pure commedia dell'arte Diaghilev wanted. His first designs were for Offenbach-period costumes with side-whiskered faces instead of masks. When he showed them, Diaghilev was very brusque: "Oh, this isn't it at all," and proceeded to tell Picasso how to do it. The evening concluded with Diaghilev's actually throwing the drawings on the floor, stomping on them, and slamming the door as he left. The next day all of Diaghilev's charm was needed to reconcile the deeply insulted Picasso, but Diaghilev did succeed in getting him to do a commedia dell'arte *Pulcinella*. I might add that Diaghilev was equally against my *Pulcinella* music at first. He had expected a strict, mannered orchestration of something very sweet. . . .

CRAFT: Who taught you most about the technique of the dance?

STRAVINSKY: Maestro Cecchetti, the elder of the Ballet and the final authority for every dance step in every ballet we did. Everyone in the company, from Nijinsky to the apprentices, venerated him. He was a very cosy man, and I had become friends with him already in St. Petersburg. His knowledge was limited to the classical dance, of course, and he therefore opposed the trend of our Ballet as a whole, but it was precisely his academicism, not his aesthetics, that Diaghilev required. He remained the company's dance-conscience through its entire existence. . . .

CRAFT: Do you remember Fokine's choreography for the original *Firebird* and *Petroushka*?

STRAVINSKY: I do, but I didn't really like the dance movement of either ballet. . . . I prefer Balanchine's choreography for the 1945 version of the *Firebird* suite to the whole Fokine ballet. . . . One great invention of Fokine's, however, was the rigid arm movement that Nijinsky was to make such an unforgettable gesture.

Fokine was easily the most disagreeable man I have ever worked with. In fact, with

Glazunov, he was the most disagreeable man I have ever met; but Glazunov was a time-to-time drunkard, which redeemed him—from time to time; he would lock his door for two-week binges on Château Yquem! Imagine bingeing on Château Yquem!

CRAFT: Have you any further recollections to add to what you have already written about Vaslav Nijinsky?

STRAVINSKY: When Diaghilev introduced me to Nijinsky—it was in St. Petersburg in 1909—I was aware of him as an extraordinary physical being. I was aware, too, of curious absences in his personality. I liked his shy manner and his soft, Polish speech, and he was immediately very open and affectionate with me—but he was always that. Later, when I knew him better, I thought him childishly spoiled and impulsive. Later, too, I came to understand the absences as a kind of stigmata; I could not imagine that they would so soon and so tragically destroy him. . . .

Already a celebrity when I first knew him, Nijinsky was to become even more celebrated shortly afterward because of a scandal. Diaghilev had taken charge of his costuming—they were living together—with the result that Nijinsky appeared at the Imperial Theatre in the tightest tights anyone had ever seen (in fact, an athletic support padded with handkerchiefs), and little else. The Czar's mother had attended a performance and was shocked.

Diaghilev and Prince Wolkonsky, the director of the theatre and a man of similar sensibilities, were thought to have conspired against public decency. The Czar himself was shocked. He alluded to the matter in conversation with Diaghilev but was so curtly answered that Diaghilev was never thereafter in good official odour. . . .

The truth is that the exhibitionist was not Nijinsky but Diaghilev. Nijinsky was always very serious and high-minded and, in my judgment, never conscious of his performances from Diaghilev's point of view. I was even more certain of this later, in Paris, when he danced *The Afternoon of a Faun*. This bal-

(Continued on page 154)

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Diaghilev

(Continued from page 153)

let's famous representation of the act of love, and its exhibition of sexual organs, was entirely Diaghilev's idea. Even so, Nijinsky's performance was such marvellously concentrated art that only a fool could have been shocked by it—but then, I adored the ballet myself. . . .

My own disappointment with Nijinsky was due to the fact that he did not know the musical alphabet. He never understood musical metres and he had no very certain sense of tempo. You may imagine from this the rhythmic chaos that was *Le Sacre du Printemps*, and especially the chaos of the last dance, where poor Mlle. Piltz, the Sacrificial Maiden, was not even aware of the changing bars. Nor did Nijinsky make any attempt to understand my own choreographic ideas for *Le Sacre*. In the "Danses des Adolescents," for example, I had imagined a row of almost motionless dancers. Nijinsky made of this piece a big jumping match.

I do not say that Nijinsky's creative imagination lacked abundance; on the contrary, it was almost too rich. The point is simply that he did not know music, and therefore his notion of the relation of dance to it was primitive. To some extent this might have been remedied by education, for, of course, he was musical. But at the time he was made chief choreographer of the Ballet he was hopelessly incompetent in musical technique. He believed that the choreography should reemphasize the musical beat and pattern through constant coordination. In effect, this restricted the dance to rhythmic duplication of the music and made of it an imitation. Choreography, as I conceive it, must realize its own form, one independent of the musical form, though measured to the musical unit. Its construction will be based on whatever correspondence the choreographer may invent, but it must not seek merely to duplicate the line and beat of the music. I do not see how one can be a choreographer unless, like Balanchine, one is a musician first.

If Nijinsky was the least capable musically of my choreographic collaborators, his talent was elsewhere—and one talent such as he had is enough. To call him a dancer is not enough, however, for he was an even greater dramatic actor. His beautiful, but certainly not handsome, face could become the most powerful actor's mask I have ever seen, and as Petroushka he was the most exciting human being I have ever seen on a stage. . . .

CRAFT: Who, then, was your most successful choreographer in the Diaghilev period?

STRAVINSKY: Bronislava Nijinska, Nijinsky's sister. Her choreography for the original productions of *Renard* (1922) and *Noces* (1923) pleased me more than any other works of mine interpreted by the Diaghilev troupe. Her conception of *Noces* in blocks in masses, and her acrobatic *Renard*, coincided with my ideas, as well as with the real—not realistic—décors. . . .

Poor Bronislava had no luck with Diaghilev. Because her face was bony and interesting, instead of doll-like, Diaghilev wouldn't let her dance the Ballerina in *Petroushka*. And as a dancer she was second to none. Indeed, the Nijinskys—brother and sister together—were the best dancing pair imaginable. Then, later, after Nijinsky's marriage, Diaghilev could not overcome his prejudice. She looked like Nijinsky, was even shaped like him—with the same big shoulders. She was a constant reminder to him of her brother. It pained Diaghilev doubly, too, that this person who dared look like Nijinsky was a woman. You can hardly imagine how indomitable was Diaghilev's sexual prejudice. . . .

CRAFT: Do you remember Massine's choreography for the first *Pulcinella?*

STRAVINSKY: I do and, on the whole, I considered it very good. It was sometimes mechanical, but only the variation movement was contradictory to the music. Massine had already choreographed the "Variations" before I had scored the music, and Diaghilev had told him I would use a large orchestra with harps. Instead of this, my orchestra, as you know, is a solo woodwind quartet. . . .

Diaghilev was in no sense an intellectual. He was much too sensual for that; besides, intellectuals never have any real taste—and has anyone ever had so much taste as Diaghilev? He was a deeply cultured man, however—a scholar in certain areas of art history, and an authority on Russian painting.

Diaghilev had been a bibliophile all his life, also, and his Russian library was one of the finest in the world. But his mind was so preyed upon by superstition that he was incapable of true intellectual examination. At times I thought him pathologically superstitious. He carried amulets; he pronounced talismanic formulas; like Dr. Johnson he counted paving stones; he avoided thirteens, black cats, open ladders. . . .

Diaghilev was self-destructively vain. He starved himself for the sake of his figure. I remember him—the next to last time I saw him—opening his overcoat and proudly showing me how slender he had become. This was for the benefit of one of his last protégés—a modest, self-effacing, and utterly ruthless careerist who was about as fond of Diaghilev as Herod was of children. Diaghilev was a diabetic, but he was not saved by insulin (he feared injections and preferred to take his chances with the disease). I do not know the medical explanation of his death [in 1935] but I do know that this event was a terrible shock to me, the more so because I had broken with him over *Le Baiser de la Fée* . . . and because we were not reconciled when he died.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Igor Stravinsky, the great modern composer who worked closely with Sergei Diaghilev and his Ballet Russe, wrote about his friendship with the impresario in two of his Doubleday books:* Conversations with Igor Stravinsky *by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft, and* Memories and Commentaries *by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. The former is copyright © 1958, 1959 by Igor Stravinsky, the latter © 1959, 1960 by Igor Stravinsky.*

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